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Dennis Wrong on Teddy White • Anne Tyler on Breslin

JUL 8 1982

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Reagan's Disunited States

The National Idea,
by Samuel H. Beer



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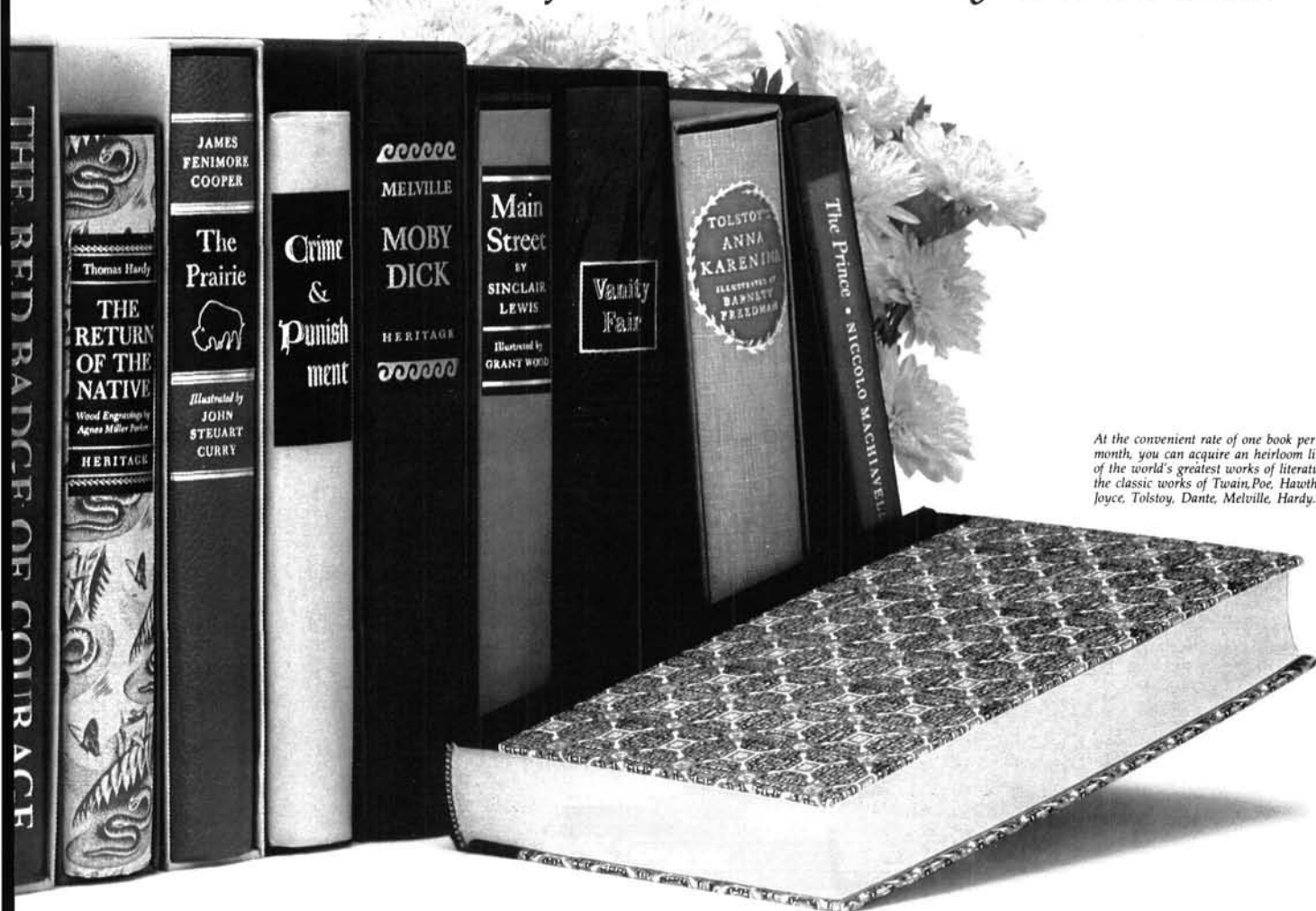
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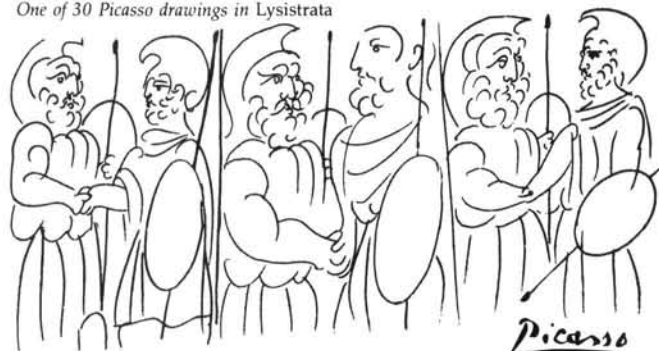
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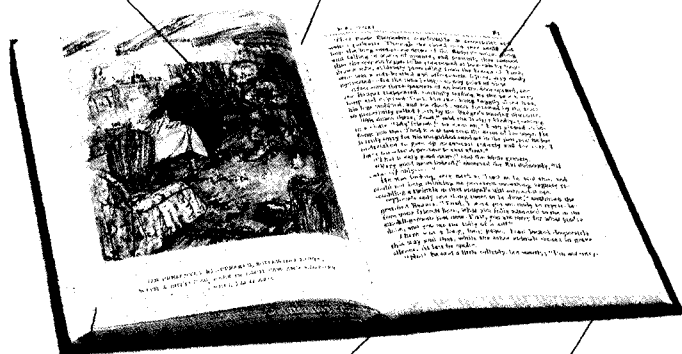
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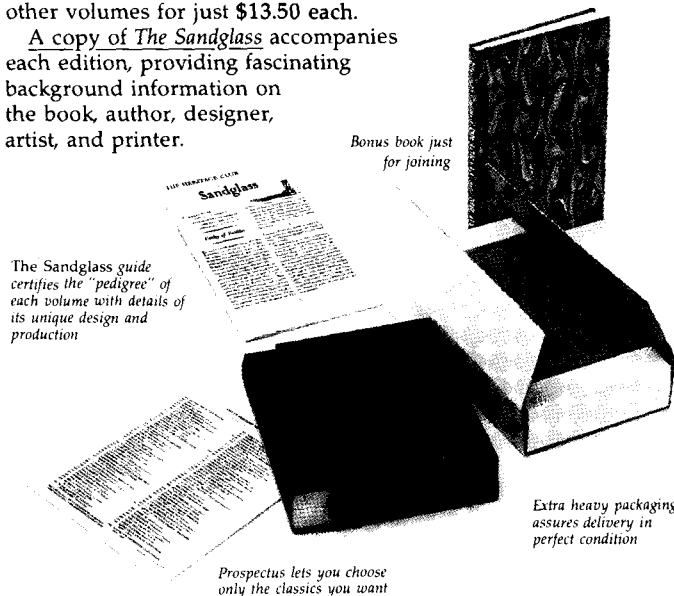
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FROM WASHINGTON

FELLOWSHIP AND SISTERHOOD

"Suppose a Democratic convention had met at midterm in 1966 just when Vietnam was building up? Wouldn't anti-war delegates have made LBJ understand the restlessness that was gathering? It might have saved his Presidency, spared us Nixon." A wise man, Richard Strout, wrote these words in this space after the Democrats' midterm convention in Memphis four years ago. Strout heard outgoing Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp warn that President Carter's domestic policy would lead to a Republican landslide in 1980. He watched labor leaders and liberals as they attempted to put Jimmy Carter on notice that they were not satisfied with his stewardship. He observed Teddy Kennedy outline his differences with the President, and wagered Kennedy would not run ("Every practical reason is against it, I should think. . . . Wasn't there another Teddy who tried to dump his party's one-term President in 1912 and thereby turned the White House over to his political adversaries?").

It was not the disunity the Democrats displayed in Memphis that impressed Richard Strout—he saw there was no liberal mutiny—but the realistic exchange of views. "It was a safety valve," he wrote. "Many went away understanding Carter's problems better."

This year, in Philadelphia, some, including Democratic chairman Chuck Manatt, were determined to avoid any intramural bloodletting. The conference was scheduled *before* the election to encourage unity, many of the delegates were handpicked, and the rules were jiggered so that it was difficult to make

Richard Strout, the regular author of TRB, is in England for three months. This column is written by Ken Bode, correspondent for NBC News.

embarrassing, rough-edged resolutions. It was like a reunion weekend; no heavy lifting. Afterward, Manatt was pleased to say that it worked. All the verbal grenades were hurled at Ronald Reagan. The conference endorsed the nuclear freeze, predictably, and the invasion of Lebanon, more or less. It all came out like the nursery rhyme: "The cow kicked Nelly in the belly in the barn. Didn't do her any good. Didn't do her any harm."

Why can't the Democrats seize a good thing and hold onto it? At a time when all the brethren of the political science fraternity were writing that parties are withering, the Democrats were building a nice, new, useful institution, the midterm convention. It was a safety valve that might have warned LBJ, and did warn Carter, of trouble in the precincts. But Chuck Manatt decided to neuter the midterm, and he likes what he got. The Democrats ought to make a standing Christmas present to their chairman of a ticket to Blackpool to watch the way Labour goes about it.

Ted Kennedy proved once again that if you could hold a surprise national primary, he would be the overwhelming choice of Democrats. Every candidate extolled the ERA, but Kennedy devoted seven paragraphs to it at the top of his speech. Arguably, Kennedy has more ground to make up with women.

The ERA—that was the one discordant note in Philadelphia. Inside the hall, some organizations vowed to continue their boycott of convention cities in unratified states, despite the fact that now every state will fit that category. The boycott has changed nothing; most of the urban legislators already support the ERA and rural lawmakers aren't hurt by the boycott. The people who are hurt by it are the hotel and restaurant workers who suffer the loss of business and tips, and are otherwise helpless to affect ratification.

Also, inside the hall the Democrats sanctioned a fourteen-minute, organized, "spontaneous" ERA demonstration, complete with musical accompaniment, just in time to make the network nightly news programs. The delegates stomped and cheered, waving and swaying, singing the anthems of ERA. With every potential Presidential candidate on the podium, it was an impressive gesture, at least to this (male) reporter who may not always understand the nuances of the movement.

Outside the hall, Eleanor Smeal of

NOW was piqued by the Democrats' inattention to detail. The party's ERA placards were lettered in red, the official color of Phyllis Schlafly's opposition. In the past few months, NOW has been taking in \$1 million a month, more than the Democratic Party. Smeal read a list of Democrats that NOW will work to defeat in 1982, legislators who voted against ERA in the final push. One Democrat targeted by Smeal is Senator Dick Anderson of Dade County, who helped kill ERA, finally, in the Florida Senate. "Before the vote," says Anderson, "they stood along the side of the highway with Burma Shave signs. One said, 'Who's killing ERA?' The next said, 'The Nazis.' Next, 'The KKK.' Then, 'Senator Dick Anderson.' If I ever needed a reason to be against ERA, that will do." In politics, it's fair to want to punish your enemies, but NOW's tactics should give the enemy ease.

With some of its funds, NOW commissioned polls in key legislative districts to convince recalcitrants to vote for ERA because a majority of their districts were for it. "I saw their polls," said one anti-ERA Republican. "They show my district 60 to 40 *for* ERA. Most of that majority votes against me. The people who elect me are probably 80 percent *against* it. Who do I represent anyway?"

Molly Yard, a Philadelphia Democratic wheelhorse turned ERA organizer, bellowed at her followers. "In eight unratified states, the Democrats control both the legislature and the governor," she cried. "You mean to tell me they couldn't pass the ERA if they wanted to?" In the last three states to vote, the governors were all pro-ERA—Democrats Jim Hunt and Bob Graham of North Carolina and Florida, and Republican Jim Thompson of Illinois. All were accused of not doing enough. None, says NOW, was willing to horsetrade for ERA. The governors all have the same rejoinder: for the opponents of ERA it was a matter of conscience, too. You don't trade a bridge or a job for a constitutional amendment. ERA was voted on a number of times in each of these states. The opposition legislators had promised to be against ERA a number of times, and they were locked in.

NOW says it must change the composition of legislatures before there's any hope for ERA. NOW is correct; those lawmakers who have voted against ERA five times in the Florida Senate, and eleven times in the Illinois House, will be against it the next time it comes up, too.

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DITCH DIGGERS IN THE BUREAUCRACY

Accomplishing the mission of a federal agency is like digging a ditch.

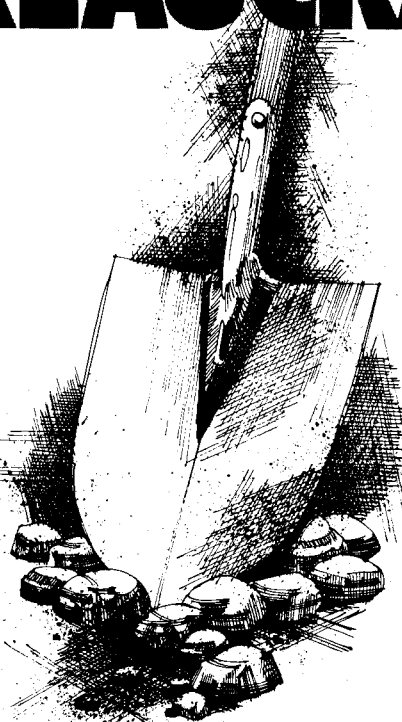
By analogy, ditch diggers perform the "program" function, directly contributing to completing the mission—that is, digging the ditch. Those who bring them shovels perform the "administrative" function which assists the program function.

If one person is digging the ditch and 10 are bringing shovels, then there is identifiable administrative waste. In fact, even if 10 dig and 5 bring shovels there is still administrative waste.

Obviously, the most efficient means to accomplish the mission of digging the ditch would be for the administrative people to help dig during periods when no one needs a new shovel.

The same is true with federal agencies.

Each agency has a mission. If it is determined that the mission is worthwhile and deserves to be accomplished, then a critical examination should be made of the program



and administrative functions.

If the administrative side is top-heavy, like most federal agencies, something should be done to get those individuals down in the metaphorical ditch with the program people.

There is discussion now of cutting approximately 150,000 federal jobs by fiscal 1987. The problem is: the

nuts and bolts decision of who specifically gets cut is an administrative one. Are we to assume administrative bureaucrats will cut their own jobs or jobs of those beneath them whose existence justifies their own?

This suggests an explanation why politicians historically have found it so difficult to control and pare the burgeoning federal bureaucracy.

The administrative bureaucrats cut—or threaten to cut—the programs first, particularly the most visible programs.

This phenomenon is known as "The Washington Monument Ploy."

That is, if the politicians want to cut the budget of the parks department, the bureaucrats react by threatening to close the Washington Monument to visitors.

What should be done is cut the administrative waste first. And get the administrative bureaucrats contributing directly to the accomplishment of the agency's mission.

In other words, get *them* digging the ditch.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

JULY 19 & 26, 1982

DROPPING THE VICAR

We understand why President Reagan's advisers concluded after a year-and-a-half of tantrums and turf fights that Secretary of State Alexander Haig had to go. At the same time, we regret his departure. He was the single top foreign policy official in the Administration who had foreign policy experience. If he was emotionally intemperate, he was also a policy moderate who calmed and channeled the ideological proclivities of the President. He was no grand strategist in the tradition of Acheson or Kissinger, but he understood that America cannot advance its interests if its first move is to divest itself of its allies. So he sought to reassure Europe and Israel as a first step toward persuading them. Despite his early talk of "warning shots," he was also the Administration's strongest advocate of arms control. What happens now? George Shultz is a man of probity and integrity, but he lacks foreign policy experience except in economics. His appointment may bode well for a continuation of Mr. Haig's policies toward Europe, but it also means that three major figures in the Administration (the Secretaries of State and Defense and the deputy secretary of Energy) are products of a single corporation—the Bechtel Group—with vast interests in (and, if Caspar Weinberger's behavior is a guide, bias in favor of) Saudi Arabia. So whatever Mr. Haig's departure does for the inner tranquility of the Administration, we are deeply concerned that America's true interests may suffer. The Administration has still not acquired a foreign policy strategist; instead, it has vested new power in people who aren't even tacticians.

Alexander Haig and his defenders portray his resignation as primarily a matter of policy and princi-

ple—the result of his disappointment that the Administration was shifting from the "careful course" that he and the President had set. White House aides, on the other hand, portray Mr. Haig's departure as mainly the product of personality conflicts arising from his instability. We suspect that both of these conflicting depictions have some truth, and that both spring from the same perception: that Mr. Haig is contemplating a candidacy for the Republican nomination for President in 1984 if President Reagan decides not to run. In his televised parting blast on June 25, in his interview with William Safire the day before, and in various leaks from the State Department, Mr. Haig is made out to be the champion of "consistency, clarity, and steadiness" in an Administration of ideologues, and simultaneously the "true hardliner" in an Administration of pygmies. He is the defender of Israel in an Administration of crypto- (and not so crypto-) Arabists. He is the nemesis of Fidel Castro and the real defender of Taiwan. Mr. Haig seems to be trying to ring the bells of all the conservative-to-moderate groups in the Republican Party and to challenge the claim of Vice President George Bush. Meanwhile, the White House is portraying Mr. Haig as a status-mad paranoid consumed by imagined challenges to his authority and constantly demanding increased assurances of his own power—in fact, constantly demanding increases in his actual power to the point where it might challenge even the President's.

Though Mr. Haig understood the need to persuade foreign allies, he seemed incapable of relying on diplomacy within the U.S. government. He told one associate, "The one guy I can't beat is Bill Clark,"

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referring to White House national security adviser William P. Clark. A Cabinet officer observed, "That's just Haig's trouble—he's always trying to beat somebody." One wise Democrat observed, "He didn't look at this country as a Republic, but as a battalion." Just as he once ordered Mr. Nixon's Attorney General to obey his "Commander-in-Chief," Mr. Haig seems to have wanted to run foreign policy military style: "A commanding general does not communicate directly with a company commander," he said in explaining his fouled communications with U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick on the Falklands veto. When not resorting to military metaphors, Mr. Haig referred to himself as the "vicar" of foreign policy, meaning, of course, the "Pope." Mr. Haig wanted to command U.S. foreign policy ex cathedra. But he started out with the handicap of being viewed as an outsider—worse, a Kissingerian—and he never moved to the inside. To the contrary, as time went on, the White House Californians seemed to take pleasure in tormenting him. On the President's European trip, Mr. Haig reportedly was barred from a meeting with Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and was assigned a low-status seat on Air Force One. Sights and policy reversals caused Secretary Haig to submit his resignation for the umpteenth time, and this time it was accepted.

President Reagan and his advisers might conceivably allow a Secretary of State they liked and trusted to have wide authority over foreign policy. Perhaps George Shultz will acquire such power. (It is rumored that Mr. Clark will then become White House chief of staff, corresponding to the post he held in Mr. Reagan's California administration, and that chief of staff James Baker will become Attorney General.) Mr. Weinberger is considered a Shultz disciple, so that the Secretary of State would be in charge as Mr. Haig was never able to be.

It's too soon to know exactly how much policy will be affected by Mr. Haig's departure, but the initial signs are not especially good. The President, Mr. Clark, and Mr. Weinberger seem embarked on a crusade to punish the Soviet Union economically for its misconduct in Poland and elsewhere, but they want Europe to

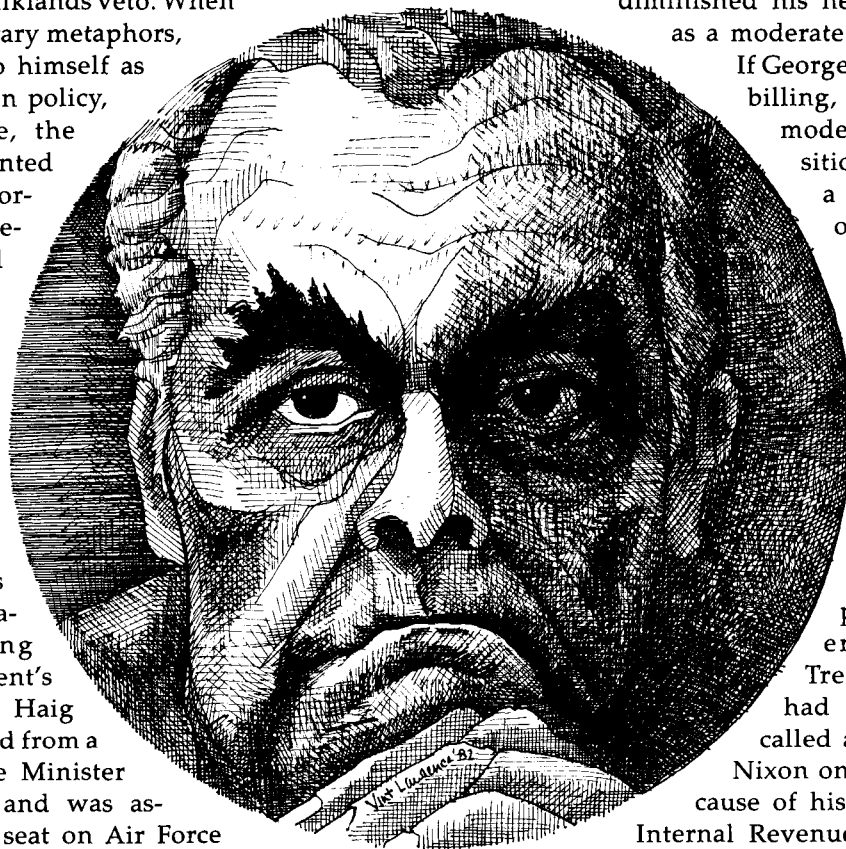
bear much of the burden. Mr. Haig favored maintaining Jimmy Carter's grain embargo. Mr. Reagan lifted it and has no thought of reimposing it. Mr. Haig was realistic enough to know that the Europeans are committed to building a natural gas pipeline to the Soviets as a means of diversifying their energy supplies beyond OPEC oil. Mr. Reagan and his fellow foreign policy novices are not so realistic. Without alerting the allies during his trip to Europe, the President abruptly took action to delay or block the pipeline. He will not stop the project, but he has angered the Europeans and diminished his newly won reputation as a moderate statesman.

If George Shultz lives up to his billing, he is likely to be a moderate both in disposition and in policy. He is a close personal friend of West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, who argues eloquently and persuasively for a combined policy of defense modernization and arms negotiations with the Soviets. Mr. Shultz is a man of strong principle and proved governmental skill. As Treasury Secretary, he had the honor of being called a "candy ass" by Mr. Nixon on one of his tapes, because of his refusal to allow the

Internal Revenue Service to be used politically. As director of Mr. Nixon's Office of Management and Budget, he demanded that blacks be given high-level professional jobs. On principle, he opposed John Connally's call for wage-price controls, but when Mr. Nixon instituted them anyway, Mr. Shultz prepared the plan for their implementation and got responsibility for administering them his way. He is a conservative, but no ideologue. "He believes in coping," said one of his former associates. "That's the way it is in foreign policy. You never really solve anything; you handle it. It's a management problem. You learn to live with situations."

If this assessment is right, the Reagan Administration still will not have what it (and the nation) needs most: a strategist. It will continue muddling along without a plan, reacting to other nations' priorities and assertions of self-interest. There is considerable reason to fear, though, that in the Middle East, the U.S. may shift from responding to Israel's assertions to respond-

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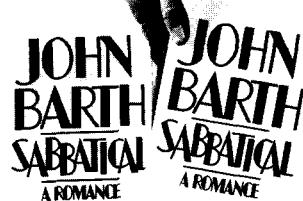
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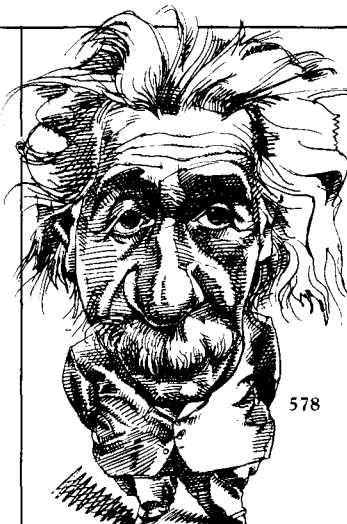
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CORRESPONDENCE

COMPASSION AND WELFARE

To the editors:

Daniel P. Moynihan, in his excellent analysis of Aid to Families with Dependent Children ("One-Third of a Nation," TNR, June 9), touches briefly on what he calls the "Welfare Cadillac" viewpoint—"which disdains family policy and simply holds that much or most welfare is fraudulently obtained or unnecessarily dispensed, and that all would be better off if the program were severely restricted." Senator Moynihan places this view at a low point of "compassion and intellect." I don't dismiss it so lightly. This poverty of compassion and empathy is a general, widespread phenomenon in our society. Criticism of welfare fraud is more vituperative on a construction crew or in a machine shop than in a grade-school teachers' lounge, but there is a stubborn resentment against those who get "something for nothing" that cuts across class lines, and is shared by many people who are otherwise intelligent, sensitive, and astute. Even those who should know better, it seems, would rather rail against "welfare cheats" than consider the very real needs of millions of people, most of whom, as Mr. Moynihan notes, are children.

In the early 1970s I worked with a crew of carpenters remodeling a farmhouse in central New Hampshire for its absentee landlord. Living in the house, amid our noise and chaos, was a female-headed AFDC family with five young children. It was obvious that the mother couldn't make ends meet. We would arrive at eight o'clock in the morning to find the children sitting around a picnic table that was the only furniture in the kitchen. They were eating corn flakes with milk on some mornings, corn flakes and water on other days. When we knocked off for lunch the kids sat around that same picnic table and had corn flakes again. Sometimes they had bread and jelly.

But we didn't intrude on the lives of that family for long. Within ten days, they were evicted. We tore the farmhouse apart, and rebuilt it completely, and when we had finished, the landlord and his own family moved in. There was no trace of the old tenants left within those walls. But the faces of the two kids in the doorway are framed in

my mind for good. Neither I nor Mr. Moynihan pretends that the problems of family policy are simple. But I have often wondered just how many raving "welfare cheat cheerleaders" we'd have left if they could all—just once—have some hungry kid watch them eat.

ROGER TULIN
Arlington, Massachusetts

BOWERS'S TOWER

To the editors:

I write to call your attention to several inaccuracies in the article "Faith, Hope, and Realty" by Peter Lemos (TNR, June 16).

1) The Diocese of New York did not bring Dr. Bowers to New York. Vestries call clergy, not bishops. I approved the call.

2) There is no plan for half the money to go to the Diocese. We all hope that there will be enough to help the mission of the Church in New York, but there is no "deal."

3) Dr. Bowers is not "posturing." He has a twenty-year record of concern for the poor.

4) Television is preaching the Gospel. We need more of it so that the air waves are not left to Falwell and Company.

5) The voting rolls were not "cleansed" of anyone who had an active ongoing relationship with St. Bartholomew's.

6) Why is the Episcopal Church asked to be the one to halt midtown crowding? How about the Museum of Modern Art, the Racquet Club, the Roman Catholic Church's participation in Helmsley Palace, etc.?

7) Finally, may I say the Landmarks Commission has overreached itself and may well bankrupt half of the historic churches in the city.

THE RT. REV. PAUL MOORE JR.
Bishop of New York
New York, New York

BELOW THE BELT

To the editors:

When I first read Ken Bode's statement about the pride Representative Phillip Burton took in masterminding a creative redistricting scheme which worked to the decided advantage of his California Democrats ("Seating Plans,"

TNR, July 5), I thought: "Are my eyes deceiving me?" I read it several times. The statement—"Phil Burton was so proud of his plan you could hear his balls clank"—clearly implies that one of the House's top brass has said alloy in a strategic location below his belt.

Bravo to Ken Bode for writing a very nice piece about the merits of keeping the reapportionment process in the hands of the partisans, where it belongs. But congratulations also to the men and women at TNR who decide such things for having the metallic gonads to allow Ken Bode to celebrate Representative Burton's political boldness in a phrase that hard-nosed partisans are likely to hear in places where reapportionment decisions, at least until now, have been made.

ROBERT EDWARD KLEIN
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

I am writing to protest the tasteless description of Phil Burton in TRB. The use of THE NEW REPUBLIC in high school classrooms is only part of the basis of my protest; are there no ways to describe one's pride in a plan other than this? I thought such descriptions were relied upon by those who could express themselves in no other ways. Such a paucity of suitable adjectives is doubtful.

DORIS H. SWABB
Kettering, Ohio

EMPTY CRADLES

To the editors:

Reading Leszek Kolakowski's review of my *The Polish August* (TNR, April 14), generous in its conclusion but deeply critical of many of my interpretations, I was reminded of Alexander Herzen's reflections on the differences between Russian and Polish revolutionaries in exile, on the eve of the January Rising in Russian Poland in 1863. Both shared a loathing of the czarist autocracy. Yet there was a fundamental divergence of moods; the Poles seeking to restore the state they had lost seventy years before, the Russians looking forward with imprecise but passionate visions of a new form of society altogether. "We started from different points, and our paths only intersected in our common hatred for the autocracy of Petersburg. The

continued on page 48

ing to Saudi Arabia's. Even before Mr. Shultz's arrival, there are some signs that a shift is already under way. Bloody though it was, Israel's advance on Beirut created opportunities for the advancement of U.S. interest: the defeat and dispersion of the PLO as a military force, the withdrawal of Syrian forces from Lebanon, the construction of an independent Lebanon free of foreign intimidation, the diminution of Soviet influence and prestige in the Middle East, and possibly even the involvement of Jordan and Saudi Arabia in the Arab-Israeli peace process. Mr. Haig fully understood the opportunities, but the White House let it out that President Reagan had extracted assurances from Israel that its troops would not invade Beirut, thus weakening the PLO's incentive to lay down its arms and leave Lebanon.

UNDER MR. HAIG, the Reagan Administration failed to enunciate what it wanted to achieve in Middle East peacemaking, but at least Israel's security needs were respected. With Haig running foreign policy, it's possible that the Lebanese war would have been followed by U.S. pressure for concessions in the West Bank. It's likely that Mr. Haig would have tried, though, to bring Jordan into the process. However, if Saudi policy does not change, and if Shultz tilts U.S. policy toward Saudi Arabia, then it seems likely that the U.S. will shift toward creation of an independent Palestinian state in the West Bank. The danger in this is not that such a state would be created and would present a security danger to Israel. Israel would not permit that. Rather, the danger is that U.S. pressure would result in an angry rift with Israel, leading to no settlement whatever over the West Bank and no peace between Israel and her neighbors. We do not know whether Bechtel's George Shultz will shift U.S. policy decisively in Saudi Arabia's direction, but there is cause for concern, and cause for the Senate to question him exhaustively on his views.

NO THANKS ON VOTING RIGHTS

It would be pleasant, perhaps, to give the President and his Administration the credit they seek for enacting the recent Voting Rights Act extension. If anything should be a bipartisan issue, this is it. And in fact the extension's overwhelming passage, by 25-to-1 and 10-to-1 margins in the House and Senate, testifies to the difference a decade-and-a-half can make in American politics. In that short time, and at long last, it has become just about politically impossible to oppose basic civil rights, either overtly or through a series of spurious technical objections. But the sad truth is that the President and some of his closest allies on Capitol

Hill were among the very last to grasp this.

In a press conference hastily called just after the Senate's 85-to-8 vote for the Voting Rights bill, President Reagan hailed Congress's "statesmanlike decision." At the signing ceremony at the White House on June 29, he proclaimed, "This legislation proves our unbending commitment to voting rights." It would all have been a bit more convincing had he broken his long silence sooner and had he not allowed the Justice Department to agitate furiously against important provisions of the act. President Reagan's endorsement came far too late to earn any gratitude from the nearly 160 civil rights groups that led the year-long push for renewal. Many believe Reagan backed the bill at last, in the words of one Senate staffer, only because he worried "that he'd be considered *so* anti-black that it would hurt him with the suburban, League-of-Women-Voters, Common-Cause sort of Republicans."

THE VOTING RIGHTS ACT, generally agreed to be the most significant civil rights legislation ever passed, was due to expire this year in some of its crucial enforcement provisions. It is a welcome milestone that this time around few people advocated gutting those provisions altogether. But two of them, at the very heart of the act, remained controversial. One, called "pre-clearance," requires states, counties, and municipalities with a history of voting discrimination to submit all changes in electoral procedure for prior approval by the Justice Department. The other has to do with the burden of proof in discrimination lawsuits against a local government.

Attorney General William French Smith and Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights Bradford Reynolds, the people who brought us the grossly inappropriate nominations for the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and the fiasco over tax exemptions for segregated schools, decided grudgingly that they would not oppose an extension of pre-clearance. But they fought desperately against a House-passed provision allowing judges in election law cases to look at a "totality of circumstances," including election results, in determining the existence of discrimination against minorities. Smith, Reynolds, and Assistant Attorney General Robert McConnell began circulating the posterous charge that this provision (which restored a law that had been in force for over a decade) would lead to "proportional representation," or racial quotas in public office. They persisted in this argument—in intensive, door-to-door lobbying—even after Senator Bob Dole introduced language explicitly stating that no minority group would be entitled to a certain percentage of representation.

Only when this same bill left committee with a 17-to-1 endorsement and began steamrolling the Senate—and nine months after the House had passed a virtually identical bill—did Ronald Reagan announce

that it had his "heartfelt support." Civil rights leaders, who remember how another President guided the original Voting Rights Act through an entirely different sort of Congressional battle, may be forgiven a sardonic smile.

NOTEBOOK

□ DON'T BLAME the U.S. Postal Service when your TNR is not delivered next week. This is a combined issue (and a larger one than usual), which is to say that we're taking a short holiday (and giving you one). We'll be back the week after next.

□ THE HERITAGE FOUNDATION fought fiercely in its 1,093-page transition report to get government off everyone's backs. But apparently the foundation doesn't mind a little help from the public sector now and then. In a classic case of very private initiative, the foundation has been using a taped endorsement from President Reagan to raise money—without his knowledge. The June 24 *Washington Post* reported that the foundation sent letters inviting thirty-five thousand former donors to call a toll-free number and listen to a recording in which Reagan characterized the group as "that feisty new kid on the conservative block." A White House spokesman said that Reagan taped the message "out of gratitude" for the lengthy transition report but that the tape "was not prepared for fundraising purposes." The Heritage Foundation is the same organization that promised donors willing to fork over \$1,000 last January that they would be "provided with an access to Washington policy makers which cannot be had at any price." The research group with such priceless access (of which the price is exactly \$1,000) is, naturally, tax-exempt.

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Probably to avoid trouble with the Society for the Suppression of Vice, the publishers have chosen to issue [James T. Farrell's] *Young Lonigan* in a textbook format and to announce that it will be sold only to physicians, psychiatrists, teachers and social workers. In this way a grave injustice is done to the author. One gains the impression that the book is either a piece of sleazy erotica or a case history after the manner of Krafft-Ebing. *Young Lonigan*, despite the manner of its publication, is not a study of the *psychopathia sexualis* of American boyhood. The emphasis, in reality, is on the texture of the language. Farrell's American idiom has a fresh pliancy and a kind of headlong vigor. With the development of these qualities he promises to go far as a writer." (Book review, by Edward Dahlberg, July 20, 1932.)

A passel of potential Presidents.

MELLOW DOG DEMOCRATS

Philadelphia

STANDING IN THE MIDDLE of the crowded, overheated room where hundreds of Democrats were drinking Fritz Mondale's whiskey, New Jersey delegate Jerry English had an insight. "This is not a convention," she said. "This is a happening. This is a milling-around." And so it was. Or maybe it was just a collection of cocktail parties. With no official responsibilities to speak of, the delegates to the third Democratic mini-convention (or, to be precise, the participants in the National Party Conference) were free to wander from one steamy room to another, flirting, dancing, drinking, and convincing themselves that they loved one another.

There may be more political significance to all this than one would think. The first sign that the Republicans were going to do well in 1978 and 1980 came with the realization that they were having more fun than the Democrats. They were doing the jitterbug and drinking scotch while Democrats were glaring at each other over white wine spritzers. Along with a clear increase in fast dancing, a noticeable shift back to hard liquor may be the best sign yet that the Democrats are on the way up again.

To be sure, not everybody spent all their time partying. In fact, the issue workshops were almost as popular as the receptions, and the affection spilled over to business matters. It's been years since Democrats agreed with each other so much, and they simply ignored anything on which they did not agree.

And then there was the cattle show. This was the name the Republicans gave (or, more accurately, that the press gave and the Republicans accepted) to their series of 1979 gatherings in which potential Presidential candidates were invited to speak before the party faithful. It is easy to make too much of this enterprise. After the first Republican session in March 1979, a straw poll produced a clear winner: John Connally. This time there were no straw polls, but an unscientific survey of lapel buttons revealed one interesting development. Amidst all the Kennedy, Mondale, Glenn, and Hart buttons was one showing a man wearing a pith helmet, hiding in tall grass, and peering through a telescope, with words identifying the wearer as a member of the "wait in the weeds gang."

Despite all the entreaties, a good many leading Democrats are intent on lying low. It is this caution, rather than each other, that is the biggest obstacle facing both Senator Edward Kennedy and former Vice President Mondale, and that offers the best hope to their challengers. Both the politicians and the voters are holding off on making commitments, not because

Technology's Fertile Soil

Few people willingly use high-technology products made in communist states and other countries with centrally planned economies, and those countries are ever eager to get goods growing out of the superior technology of the free nations. In a world where free enterprise seems little revered of late, this is a point worth reflecting on.

Centrally planned societies can focus their efforts and resources well in a few product areas, such as weapons, and succeed spectacularly in special "big technology" projects such as space satellites. Their scientists are certainly among the best. But most of their products fall far short of free-world standards not only in quality but in basic technology.

A central reason is that technology flourishes best in free societies like ours that promote frequent change responsive to people's wants.

A dynamic society continuously generates both the need for new or improved products and the means to produce them. Free nations advance technology so fast that inventions seem to be put on the market one day and in museums the next as technology is improved.

Our free society stimulates all producers to assess product possibilities thoroughly and risk innovation at every opportunity, while discouraging both ill-considered moves and thoughtless inaction. Freedom is the environment in which the fittest technology evolves and survives.

Anyone who improves a product or develops a needed new one as soon as practical can find acceptance in the marketplace. But anyone who introduces technology

not wanted by enough customers at the time could lose a lot of money. Notable miscalculations of recent years include synthetic shoe leather and instant movies.

On the other hand, if companies don't make improvements or developments quickly enough they may lose business to competitors, as many watchmakers discovered when they stood by while other companies developed battery-powered models.

This balance of incentives and disincentives keeps us sharp, constantly alert to realistic new prospects for manufacturing and selling products. We have to stay in touch with present and potential customers to remain keenly aware of what they'll buy, and carefully watch progress in science and engineering to spot useful advances immediately. We invest heavily in fundamental technical disciplines ourselves to enlarge the possibilities.

The key to success in technology is freedom. Freedom for customers to buy from whomever they wish, ignore what they don't want, and complain loudly if they can't get what they do want. Freedom to travel and communicate so everyone can reach all the best information. Freedom to buy or not buy, make or not make, because it seems best—not because it's dictated by politics. Freedom to move quickly, unhindered by bureaucracy, in taking advantage of fleeting opportunities. Freedom to take chances that lead to appropriate rewards for producing desirable technology and suitable penalties for not producing it.

Free enterprise is the soil in which technology grows best.



they are unsure whether they prefer Mondale or Kennedy, but because they are not sure they prefer either one. The latest national Gallup survey gives Kennedy a 45-to-12 percent lead among Democrats, with Mondale's 12 being more significant than Kennedy's 45. Mondale is no Gary Hart or Reubin Askew unfamiliar to the voters. Almost everybody knows who he is, but not many care.

Millions care passionately about Kennedy. The trouble is that many of them care passionately that he never be President. In a new poll taken in New Hampshire, where the first primary will be held, 55 percent of those asked said they won't vote for him, ever. The poll puts Mondale's "rejection rate" at only 13 percent. But then his "strong" support is only 2 percent. Even near beer has more kick than that. "The way I see it, it is wide open up here right now," said Richard Bennett of the polling firm Blake and Dickinson of Manchester. "The voters are looking for somebody." But you can't beat Kennedy or Mondale with "somebody." You have to beat them with somebody. So far, nobody has emerged from the pack of challengers, and none of them gained much out of the midterm convention.

THAT THEY ARE a pack does not render the challengers indistinguishable from one another, either in policy or in their political standing. Taking into account only the latter criterion, it might be convenient to divide them as follows:

The runners-up. Senators John Glenn of Ohio and Gary Hart of Colorado are the "serious" challengers, both because they are given a reasonable chance of getting nominated and because they are very, very serious. Glenn is the hero former astronaut, the Midwestern Democrat who is as reassuring as Ike, the thoughtful official with the Boy Scout image. Hart is the handsome Westerner, the neoliberal re-thinker representing the younger generation of Democrats looking for "new ideas."

But they are both a bit dreary. Smart, mind you, impressive in small groups, charming in person, with a firm grasp of complex issues. But stiff on the podium. Their speeches to the convention were not terrible, but they weren't very good either. They probably didn't lose much ground here, but they each fumbled a gigantic opportunity to impress the party activists who will be the cadres of the campaign organizations.



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Both of them could use good campaign organizations. Glenn recently failed to follow up on a New Hampshire trip in which he impressed lots of Democrats who are still waiting to get a letter or phone call from him. Hart apparently could use a speechwriter. He could also use a little less reverence from his staff. "They think because they all call him Gary it's all informal," said a friendly and knowledgeable observer. "But they're all in awe of him."

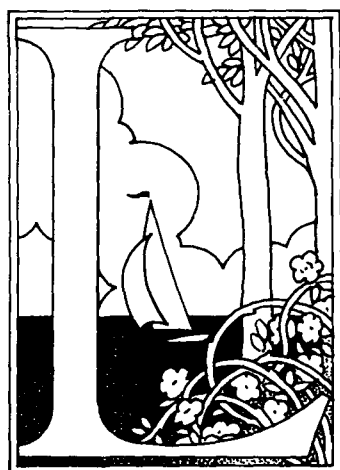
The also-rans. Before the conference began, few Democrats took seriously the campaigns of Senators Alan Cranston of California and Ernest Hollings of South Carolina. Now even fewer do. By almost unanimous consent, convention delegates agreed that the two Senators performed poorly. "Cranston was soporific and Hollings was unintelligible," one said. More than any of the others, Cranston met privately with delegates, many of whom were treated to a showing of a ten-minute television tape called "A Reason to Run," showing the Senator jogging through a park while music from *Chariots of Fire* played in the background. It may charitably be said that the tape did Cranston as much good as the endorsement he got from Governor Jerry Brown.

The tortoise. If anyone fully achieved his major objective here, it was former Florida Governor Reubin Askew. "We wanted to keep expectations low," said Askew political strategist Jay Hakes. Askew certainly did that. By choosing not to speak, throw a party, or put out any press releases, he barely made his presence felt. He plans to lie low for six more months, raise a lot of money, and surprise everybody sometime next year.

PHILADELPHIA changed nothing. Kennedy and Mondale remain the front-runners. Actually, Kennedy is the real front-runner, because more voters support him. More politicians support Mondale; they argue that because "Kennedy can't get elected," Democratic voters will desert him. But voters tend to vote for their favorites, not to play the angles. In a multi-candidate field, it is going to be awfully tough to beat Kennedy in the early primaries, and it is extraordinary how appealing winners get as time goes on.

At the conference, both men held crowded cocktail parties, met with delegates at their trailers (actually, Mondale's was a Winnebago), and made good speeches. Mondale's was probably the best of his political career, finely crafted and superbly delivered, surely easing his image as a man who cannot inspire.

Mondale gave Kennedy a tough act to follow. He followed it just fine. On paper, his speech was not quite as good, but political speeches are not made on paper. They are made to live audiences, in this case an audience of active Democrats. Even active Democrats who don't like him just love to hear Teddy Kennedy speak, and (when he isn't an announced candidate) he rarely lets them down. He is both their star attraction and the keeper of their conscience. They laughed, they



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cheered, they chanted, and they went home feeling good about life.

Like the delegates, the candidates stressed the issues that unite Democrats and all but ignored those that divide. None of the speakers and only a few of the delegates even mentioned gun control, abortion, bus-ing, homosexual rights, or racial quotas. The amazing thing was that nobody objected. "We're just showing the flag," said Michael Harrington, amused rather than angry about the rules that precluded rough-and-tumble debates on the issues. "There's not much else we can do."

Among the candidates the differences were of emphasis rather than substance. It was as though the moderates and "neoliberals" (Hart, Glenn, Hollings) were saying: sure we were basically right all those years, but we made too many mistakes and were sloppy; while the more standard liberals (Mondale, Kennedy, Cranston) were saying: sure we made too many mistakes and were sloppy, but we were basically right all those years. Ideological disputes among the Democrats this time may be more apparent than real.

If they can keep that up, and also maintain the atmosphere of harmony and optimism which permeated the mini-convention, the Democrats might do very well indeed.

JON MARGOLIS

Jon Margolis is a Washington correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*.

Anti-Communist fellow-traveling.

PAPER MOON

ON APRIL 27, at a party held at the home of Washington socialite True Davis, the founder of *The Washington Dossier* made a society reporter for *The Washington Times* cry. *The Washington Dossier* is a glossy magazine about the good life in Washington that makes *Town and Country* look like *Mother Earth News*. *The Washington Times* is a new daily newspaper funded by members of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church. The founder of the *Dossier*, Warren Adler, is a dapper *arriviste* whose son David once wandered into the grips of the Unification Church in California. The society reporter, Lorraine Ambrose, is a Moonie. When Adler saw Ambrose talking to young men at the party, he wondered whether she was proselytizing for the church. "I do get a bit paranoid when I see them operating," Adler confesses. Ambrose says

she was only taking notes, as any society reporter would do at a party. Adler drew True Davis aside and told him to get rid of her. The two approached Ambrose. Ambrose says Adler told her "he had some men waiting to take me away" for deprogramming. Adler denies that. But he does admit that she started to cry. Adler says Ambrose was practicing the doctrine of Heavenly Deception, whereby Moonies dissemble for the greater good of the Unification Church. Ambrose has another explanation. "He was just so mean," she says. "He was just so nasty."

THE 'DOSSIER' had declared war on the *Times* earlier that month in an editorial titled FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED: THE MOON MENACE COMES TO TOWN. The author of the piece was none other than David Adler, now safely back in the bosom of his family and president of the *Dossier*. (The Adlers take family values very seriously; David's brother Jonathan is the *Dossier's* publisher, his mother Sonia is editor-in-chief, and the cover headline of the May issue was THE LANDED TRADITION.) The editorial ran through the familiar charges against Moon: "mind control," investment in various business fronts, tax fraud. "But the public record cannot possibly capture the personal experiences of those, including this author, who have observed the wasted potential of young men and women at the hands of the church," wrote Adler, "the terrible traumas of broken families, the pitting of children against their parents, all for the benefit of a cynical man who proclaims himself to be the Messiah." Somewhere in that run-on sentence lies a nagging truth: there is something chilling about the Unification Church. When the *Times* finally made its debut in bright orange coin boxes scattered throughout Washington on May 17, *The Washington Post* reported that executive editor Smith Hempstone was telling wary questioners about the Moon connection, "I've worked for a lot of publishers who thought they were God." After which, it may be assumed, he would let out a nervous chuckle.

Trying to pick sides in the conflict between a publication devoted to the unconscious caricature of traditional societal values and a religion that seeks the overthrow of those values in the name of a lunatic who claims to have talked to Jesus and Buddha is a little like choosing between authoritarianism and totalitarianism. This is not to say that the *Times* is a left-leaning paper; on the contrary, it is very conservative. Nor does it mean the *Times* is slavishly devoted to the Reverend Moon and his Divine Principles. Both Hempstone and publisher and editor James Whelan boast of ironclad contracts guaranteeing editorial freedom; and so far the paper has not seemed particularly sectarian. To be sure, Whelan praised the church in the premier issue for its members' "sense of anguish over what they perceive to be a weakening of our national will," and Hempstone harped on the issue of religious

freedom in a leaden, front-page parody of his critics which referred to the *Post* as a "Grahamie" paper. A question-and-answer column with Harvard law professor Laurence Tribe, who represented Moon in a recent "deprogramming" lawsuit, also provided the *Times* with an opportunity to trumpet Moon's civil liberties. But such articles have tended to be the exception rather than the rule. More in keeping with the *Times*'s professional tone was its coverage of Moon's conviction for tax fraud. The editors wisely chose to use an AP wire story, which they played above the fold on page one. Still, if there is nothing openly Faustian about the bargain Whelan and Hempstone have struck with Moon, there is something troubling about it.

The paper is clearly intended to legitimize the Reverend Moon. Moon warmed up for *The Washington Times* with *The News World*, a New York broadsheet with a claimed circulation of 75,000. *The News World* has been publishing since 1977 out of the Tiffany Building on Fifth Avenue, but despite a circulation spurt up to 400,000 during the 1978

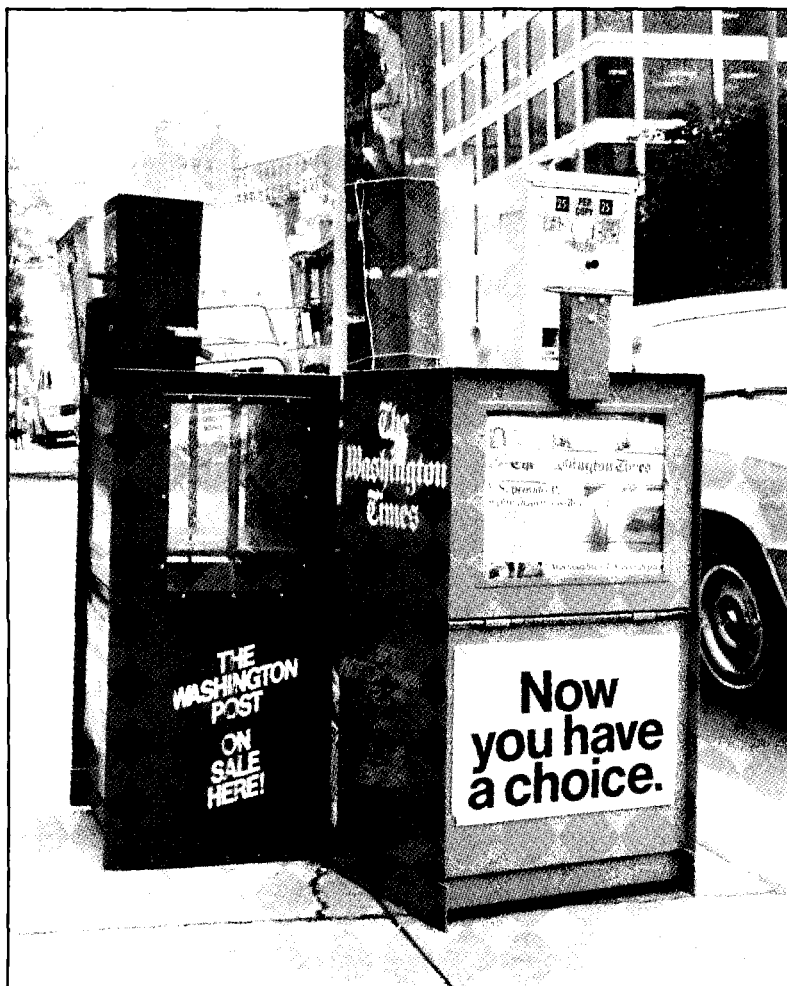
newspaper strike, it has never gotten the attention won by *The Washington Times* during its first month of publication. Three reasons have been cited: the void left by the *Star*'s demise last year, the supposed liberal conformity of the *Post*, and the *Times*'s greater professionalism. The *Times* is less of a crank newspaper than *The News World*. *The News World* is unabashedly a Moonie paper; two-thirds of its editorial staff are members of the church. *The Washington Post* reported the figure for the *Times* to be one-third, but Whelan says it's closer to one-sixth, having dropped from roughly one-fifth since the *Post* story appeared. Robert Morton, editor of *The News World*, keeps a copy of Moon's *A Prophet Speaks Today* next to his *Columbia Journalism Review*, and is a practicing Moonie. Whelan and Hempstone, by contrast, are nonmembers in whose

offices I couldn't spot a trace of Unification Church literature. In one conspicuous area—the religion page—both papers share a cautious strategy. Neither the religion editor at the *Times* nor his opposite number at *The News World* is a church member. But so far Moon is exerting less authority over the *Times* than he does over *The News World*. Michael Warder, a former publisher of *The News World* who left the church in 1979 and is now taking the cure at the Heritage Founda-

tion (which, according to the *Washington Tribune*, a good local alternative weekly, is one of the few right-wing think tanks free of Moonie infiltration) says that Moon gave specific instructions to *The News World* on how to cover the House Koreagate investigation and his tax troubles. (As Morton has written, "Writers and editors have the responsibility to support their leaders.") When Moon was convicted, his right-hand man, Colonel Bo Hi Pak, called the *Times* to ask if he could see their story before publication. But he did not, Whelan says, make any requests to change anything in the piece.

The Washington Times is more or less

indistinguishable from any other conservative newspaper in America. And to the extent that it is different, it tends to be better, benefiting from being situated in the capital and well within reach of Moon's deep pocket. (Although the paper has an editorial staff of 165 people, it hasn't gotten around to running advertisements yet.) It is easy to see why Whelan and Hempstone want to work there. Whelan, formerly editor of Richard Mellon Scaife's *Sacramento Union*, lacked a national platform; Hempstone, who says he quit as editorial page editor of *The Washington Star* "before I got fired" in 1975, lacked a newspaper. (He spent the interim writing a syndicated column, which he will continue.) As conservatives, both Whelan and Hempstone see a convergence of some of their views with some of Moon's. Foremost among these is anti-



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOAN SHAFFER FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Communism. As Whelan wrote in his May 17 column, Moonies "believe, deeply, that Communism represents the single greatest danger to human dignity and freedom and the hope of a truly better world." What's wrong with hating Communism? Only the dim echo that such sentiments emit from Communism's own fellow-travelers: what's the matter with universal brotherhood and world peace? The fellow-traveler analogy accurately describes the awkward posturing to which the *Times's* editors submit for Moon's sake. Hempstone's crack about all publishers thinking they are God, for instance, comes uncomfortably close to the literal truth about Moon. When Moon was asked under oath last month to describe his religious beliefs, he replied, "I have the possibility of becoming the real Messiah." Much legitimate fulmination about asking this sort of question in the context of a lawsuit managed to obscure the point that Sun Myung Moon suffers from a rather dangerous delusion. On this subject, Hempstone will only say, "You're not responsible for your publisher's personal point of view." Wrapped in blissful ignorance of the Unification Church—an odd security blanket for a newspaper man—Hempstone says he's not prepared to pass judgment. Whelan is similarly disingenuous when asked what he thinks of Colonel Pak, who has admitted being a conduit for the Korean Central Intelligence Agency: "What he is or is not in the Unification Church is a matter of no concern to me."

One would almost believe that these anti-Communists have studied the public relations techniques of the Soviet-American Friendship Council. Warren Adler of the moderately repressive *Washington Dossier* calls the *Times* "another front group" for the Unification Church. Any authoritarian critique of totalitarianism tends, admittedly, to be dubious. The *Dossier's* faults surely call into question its standing to judge the values of others. In its tireless celebration of the joys of polo and partygoing, Adler's magazine shamelessly displays the worst aspect of our capitalist culture: the mindless worship of money and privilege. The *Dossier* manages to offend even in its distribution, which reserves 30,000 copies to be sent unsolicited and free of charge to Washington's fanciest neighborhoods. (The criterion, according to publisher Jonathan, is an average income of \$100,000.) Last September, as Richard Schweicker was slashing the Health and Human Services budget for school lunches, the *Dossier* proudly featured on its cover a photograph of the Secretary and his wife in dinner dress. Such naked snobbery is almost enough to make you a Moonie. But not quite. Adler may pervert traditional values—nepotism and cozying up to the rich being a distortion of respect for family and social order—but Moon, like any effective totalitarian, rejects those values altogether. True, this rejection is, on the part of his gullible followers, only voluntary. But it's still dangerous.

Take the Unification Church's stand on the family.

"Throughout history," Robert Morton has written in seeking to elucidate the theological underpinning of *The News World*, "children have been born of parents who are unqualified to adequately love them and educate them." Michael Warder, the former publisher of *The News World*, says that his nine-month-old daughter was ordered into a church-run nursery, and two weeks later his wife, then four months pregnant, was ordered to travel with a busload of other Unification Church wives to California. Familial love, apparently, is the opium of the people. The Unification Church's rainbow of front groups also seems a deliberate attempt to follow the totalitarian model. Groups like American Youth for a Just Peace, the God Bless America Bicentennial Committee, and Judaism: In Service to the World, to cite three of 107 examples recently compiled by the *Tribune*, obviously mean to draw as wide a constituency of ignorant followers as possible. And the church's method of inculcation, in true Orwellian fashion, depends less on persuasion than on exhaustion (inductees aren't permitted a full night's sleep, and are subjected to continual physical activity to tire them out) and deception (proselytizers move cautiously from the enchanting ecumenical homilies that draw in its credulous victims to avowedly Moonie principles). "Brainwashing" may overstate the involuntary aspect of this indoctrination, but certainly such practices take advantage of vulnerable people.

ALL OF THIS is a matter of no apparent concern, however, to the good conservatives whose names grace the pages of the *Times*: former *Star* editorial writer Anne Crutcher, editorial advisory board member William Rusher, and an array of right-wing columnists who appear on the newspaper's Op-Ed pages. The opportunity to acquire a powerful voice in the capital is too tempting. The *Times* is certainly a serious venture. No headlines of the BRITS CLOBBER ARGIES variety accompanied the dispatches from the *Times's* London correspondent, Dana Adams Schmidt, during the Falklands war. (Schmidt used to work for *The New York Times*.) And the *Times's* pages are refreshingly free of wire service stories, even from Free Press International, the Moonie news service. (The AP story on Moon's tax conviction was a conspicuous exception.) But is a conservative alternative to *The Washington Post* worth the unsavory alliance with the Unification Church? When the *Post* asked James Whelan whether he thought a good Washington newspaper might legitimize the Reverend Moon, Whelan snapped back, "Who the hell are *you* to stand in judgment?" That's a question that should embarrass the authoritarians at *The Washington Dossier*. But true democrats shouldn't be reluctant to cast a disapproving eye on Whelan and Hempstone for drawing their paychecks from the Moon empire.

TIMOTHY NOAH

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Do your houseplants run you ragged, back and forth, trip after trip, watering can in hand? There *is* an easier way: with an indoor garden hose you can water them all in a single trip. Think of the steps waiting to be saved! This 50' (that is a *lot* of reach) vinyl hose readily attaches to any household faucet. From there you just take the water where you want it—an easy-control handle allows you to turn a splashless stream of water on and off as needed.



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The anti-loophole coalition is fighting back.

FLAT-RATE TALK

BY ROBERT S. MCINTYRE

CRITICS WHO have called President Reagan ideologically inflexible on economic matters got their comeuppance the other day when David Stockman, director of the Office of Management and Budget, announced that he "would not be surprised" to see repeal of most tax loopholes—apparently including the gaping new ones included in last year's tax act—proposed as part of Reagan's next budget. Of course, there's a catch: the Administration would preserve its commitment to "trickle-down" principles by requesting elimination of progressive tax rates as well. Stockman's remarks suggest that the Administration may be caught up in what a front-page story in *The Wall Street Journal* called an "intellectual groundswell . . . for the notion of a greatly simplified tax system with a single rate and few deductions—if any."

The Washington Post calls a flat-rate, no-deductions income tax the "obvious" answer to the internal revenue mess. Democrats like Senator Dennis DeConcini of Arizona and Representative Leon Panetta of California have introduced specific flat-rate legislation. So have Republicans like Senators Mark Hatfield of Oregon and Jesse Helms of North Carolina. And Presidential adviser Edwin Meese says anything but a flat tax is "immoral." Does all this mean that a flat-rate income tax with few deductions and credits is the wave of the future? Probably not, but the growing fascination with it deserves some serious attention.

Flat-raters are divided into two camps, and each camp makes two basic points. On the first point, they agree, along with almost everyone else: the current system of high tax rates, imposed on a taxable income base that has been heavily eroded by special tax breaks, has given us outrageous complexity, gross inequities, and terrible economic distortions. And it's getting worse. By 1987 the federal government will forgo 86 cents in "tax expenditures" for every dollar it collects in income taxes—up from 53 cents per dollar in 1977. The corporate tax data are even more extreme, with \$1.88 in loopholes for every dollar that will be collected in 1987, up from 50 cents on the dollar in 1977.

Robert S. McIntyre is director of federal tax policy for Citizens for Tax Justice, a coalition of public interest, labor, and citizens groups which represents middle- and lower-income taxpayers.

The second point made by traditional flat-rate advocates, like the National Taxpayers Union, former Republican Treasury Secretary William Simon, and others on the political right, is that taxes on the well-off are too high and taxes on moderate-income people are too low—a problem, they say, a flat-rate would solve. The traditional flat-raters forthrightly admit that what they are promoting is more "trickle-down" tax policies. "I don't care what you call it," said Jim Davidson of the National Taxpayers Union in a recent interview. "Trickle-down economics makes reasonable sense."

A rather different second argument is made by some of the newcomers to flat-ratism, such as *The Washington Post*. They claim that the current loophole-ridden system is no longer progressive, and that a flat-rate tax would in fact be at least as tough on the rich, if not more so, than the existing code—and would do away with all the flotsam and jetsam.

Both sides have a point. Until the 1981 tax act, it would have been hard to argue that a flat-rate could possibly be as progressive as the existing tax code. In spite of the loopholes, the pre-1981 law did retain a modest progressivity. Corporations and the top 5 percent of individual taxpayers paid average effective rates of 25 to 30 percent, compared to 15 to 20 percent for the middle class and about 10 percent for taxpayers at the bottom. Thanks to last year's bill, however, there would now be little difference in progressivity between the current individual tax structure and a flat rate of 20 to 25 percent—assuming that there would be generous personal exemptions and standard deductions and that Social Security taxes would be part of the package. From the perspective of corporations, a flat 25 percent rate on real income would be a great improvement in progressivity.

On the other hand, in practice if not in theory, a flat rate would almost certainly mean far less progressivity than even the current approach. First, most of the traditional flat-raters would keep the separate Social Security payroll tax—which would ensure that people earning under \$30,000 would pay taxes at a *higher* rate than their richer neighbors. Second, the old-line flat-raters understand that the pressures for tax loopholes would not vanish with a change in the tax rates.

Does any serious person believe, for example, that business taxpayers would cheerfully agree to the loss

of their investment "incentives"? Or that charities will be content to lose the benefits of tax-deductible contributions? On the contrary, they would probably ask for more: a *double* deduction, say, or a large tax credit for charitable gifts—proposals seriously put forward by a national commission on philanthropy just a few years ago. What about Social Security recipients? Will they be willing to pay taxes—even a mere 20 percent or so—on half their stipends? Will homeowners gratefully give up their mortgage interest deductions if a single tax rate prevails? Are the oil companies and the banks standing ready with their checkbooks? This is not to say that elimination of many or most or all loopholes would not be a good thing. But, and this is basic point number one, a flat-rate does not necessarily reduce the pressures for tax breaks. The fight against loopholes is separate from the fight over rates.

Which leads us directly to basic point number two: just as one can imagine a flat-rate tax with no deductions and credits, so one can imagine a progressive tax system with none. The latter has long been the goal of traditional liberal tax reformers, whose ideal is a simple tax code with much lower but still progressive tax rates, ranging from, say, 10 percent to 35 percent.

WHY SHOULD an executive earning \$500,000 a year contribute a higher share of his income toward supporting the government than a working mother earning \$10,000? We can start with the basic themes usually summarized in the "ability-to-pay" principle. Assuming we want to spend a certain amount of money on collective projects such as defense, roads, and aid to the elderly, it's fairer to ask the well-off to contribute more than to burden those with lower incomes. And the redistributive effect adds more to total social welfare. Most economists would agree that a dollar's "marginal utility" is higher in the hands of a poor person than in the hands of a rich person. The extra food that the lower-income worker can buy for his or her children is worth more than the rich person's extra drink at the country club.

Another rationale for progressive rates is basically a benefits argument. Capitalism is a great way to generate innovation, efficiency, and growth, but it is premised on the idea that there should be winners and losers. Given such a system, it's important to smooth out some of the rough edges—and we can do part of that with a tax approach that tells the winners they have to pay more to support the system under which they have done so well.

Finally, real free-market liberals, in the tradition of Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis, would argue that progressive rates can help mitigate the concentration of wealth and power which, unless kept in check, undercuts the basic rationale for the capitalist system.

In terms of the tax base—that is, what income is taxed—liberal reformers make the same kinds of points now being made by the flat-raters. A "compre-

hensive income tax," with few of the government subsidies now included in the tax code, would be simpler, fairer in treating equally situated taxpayers alike, and much sounder economically. Liberal reformers argue persuasively that most tax loopholes, when seen as the government subsidies they are, are foolish, mistargeted, or even perverse, and that almost all the tax preferences either would function better as direct spending programs or would never be enacted at all if they could no longer be hidden in the tax system.

SOMEHOW, IN SPITE of these cogent arguments, loopholes remain—and they're rapidly expanding. Corporate tax breaks are the fastest-growing item in the Reagan budget, outdistancing even defense, and will double between 1981 and 1985. In constant dollars, the only broad functions showing increases between 1981 and 1985 under the Administration's 1983 budget are corporate tax subsidies (up 57 percent), defense (up 45 percent), interest (up 15 percent), health (up 13 percent), individual tax subsidies (up 11 percent), and income security (up 3 percent). (The increases in health and income security, by the way, are misleading. The former is due to growth in the age group eligible for Medicare and to projected inflation in the health sector. The latter is also due to an increasing number of elderly, and masks substantial real cuts in other programs that help poor people.)

The 1981 additions to the tax expenditure list include some of the most foolish ever adopted. The new corporate depreciation breaks will be death to productivity growth unless amended. They lead to effective tax rates on profits from new investments ranging from a 37 percent tax on income from industrial buildings to a subsidy—or "negative tax rate"—of 194 percent on profits from short-lived machinery. The result may be consistent with the President's vision of America as one giant tax shelter, but it will also mean a dramatic shift in investment toward tax-favored areas, even when investment in longer-lived assets makes far more economic sense.

Besides the depreciation changes—which will virtually wipe out the corporate tax—the 1981 act was festooned with Christmas tree baubles ranging from breaks for oil companies and utilities, to the misnamed "All Savers Certificates," to preferential treatment for trucking companies, multinational firms, and people who adopt children. As Stockman has ruefully admitted, the process "just got out of control."

Last year's tax bill was so outrageous, however, that the pendulum appears to be swinging back the other way. The Harris poll shows that 78 percent of the voters want last year's decision to abolish the corporate tax reversed. Fifty-eight percent now want the President to try something other than his current Robin Hood-in-reverse economic policies. At the same time, many in Congress who had talked themselves into believing the economic promises of the special inter-

ests are now furious at the lobbyists, as the economy fails to respond to the snake oil. Some Democrats are particularly angry that even though they went out of their way to prostitute themselves on last year's tax bill, their opponents are still garnering the lion's share of the business PAC money.

PART OF THE renewed interest in a no-deductions flat-rate tax comes from the anger over last year's excesses. As another dose of "trickle down," the flat rate is exactly the wrong prescription. But the general attack on tax breaks is a healthy development. Liberals and conservatives alike need to consider what a simplified, less loophole-ridden tax code would mean to them.

In the 1950s, before loophole mania took hold, Democrats and Republicans in Congress were generally united in their opposition to tax breaks, other than long-standing ones with entrenched constituencies, like the oil depletion allowance, and very narrow special-interest measures which had little impact on the overall system. For the Republicans, the main reason was ideological: they believed in the free market, and were opposed to government-created economic distortions. For the Democrats, the major rationale was political: tax breaks generally benefited Republican constituencies, not the poor and working people who voted Democratic.

The anti-loophole coalition began to break up during the Kennedy Administration. Despite Republican opposition on economic grounds and labor antagonism for distributional reasons, the best and the brightest successfully promoted the single biggest (until last year) loophole in the tax code—the investment tax credit, a tax subsidy which was supposed to encourage business purchases of equipment. After briefly reuniting during the first year of the Nixon Administration to enact numerous reforms (including repeal of the investment credit), the anti-loophole coalition completely fell apart in the 1970s.

Beginning with the 1971 Revenue Act, both parties reversed their philosophies toward the tax system. Republicans began playing constituency politics—which meant more loopholes for corporations and the wealthy—and Democrats began indulging their urge to get the government tinkering with the economy. There were plenty of opportunities for both, as inflation-driven "bracket creep" necessitated frequent amendments to the tax laws. As a result, scores of new tax breaks, including reinstitution of the investment tax credit, were enacted in the 1970s, interrupted only briefly by a few reforms in 1975 and 1976. By the end of the decade, effective corporate tax rates had been slashed by at least one-third, capital gains preferences had been increased enormously, and "incentives" for everything from energy conservation to exports had been added to the tax code.

Small wonder that middle-income taxpayers were

getting frustrated with the tax system. Although government revenues as a share of the gross national product increased not at all from 1969 to 1980, the tax burden on middle-class wage earners went up substantially, due to the sharp decline in taxes on the well-off, particularly corporations, in combination with "bracket creep" and much higher Social Security taxes. The corporate share of the federal tax burden fell by one-third from 1969 to 1980. In constant dollars, corporate tax payments were 13 percent less in 1980 than in 1969—while constant-dollar after-tax profits were up 70 percent. The 1981 tax act capped the process, as Democrats and Republicans stumbled over each other to provide new tax breaks for every interest group and pet economic project that beckoned.

Yet few members of Congress are happy with their handiwork. Liberal Democrats are discovering that they can't fund social programs without revenues, and that middle-class support for the government has plummeted as the tax burden has shifted increasingly onto wage earners. Conservative Republicans look at the wreckage of the free market which tax preferences have given us—and many are aghast.

SOME STIRRINGS on both sides of the Congressional aisle are already evident. As a counter to the large crop of flat-rate plans which have sprung up, Democratic Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey and Representative Dick Gephardt of Missouri have introduced a comprehensive reform package with graduated rates and few loopholes, to which they have attached the oxymoronic label, "progressive flat-rate tax." Republican Senators Robert Dole of Kansas and Pete Domenici of New Mexico, chairmen of the Finance and Budget Committees respectively, have tried to make loophole-closing the centerpiece of their budget strategies, both because they think it's right and because they have nowhere else to go after last year.

If Democrats will start representing middle-income wage earners as taxpayers again, the old 1950s coalition may be ready to regroup. If liberals will forswear economic tinkering through the tax code—no "Tax-based Incomes Policies" (TIPS), no energy tax credits, no "targeted" investment tax incentives—and if conservatives will forgo hidden subsidies for corporate and high-income constituents, there may be a way out of our income tax mess.

The idea of throwing out the whole tax code and starting over with a simple system may be impractical. And for many politicians it may even turn out to be an excuse to do nothing. "I'll believe these guys are serious about eliminating all loopholes when I see them vote to close one," says a long-time Hill tax expert. But if the flat-raters succeed in promoting a public debate about the benefits of a loophole-less tax code, they will—in spite of their "trickle-down" bias—have performed a useful service for the economy and for tax fairness.

Despite Mr. Reagan, 'liberty and union' are 'one and inseparable.'

THE IDEA OF THE NATION

BY SAMUEL H. BEER

I HAVE A difference of opinion with President Reagan. We have all heard of the President's new federalism and his proposals to cut back on the activities of the federal government by reducing or eliminating certain programs and transferring others to the states. He wishes to do this because he finds these activities to be inefficient and wasteful. He also claims that they are improper under the U.S. Constitution—not in the sense that the courts have found them to violate our fundamental law, but in the larger philosophical and historical sense that the present distribution of power between levels of government offends against the true meaning and intent of that document.

In justification of this conclusion, he has relied upon a certain view of the founding of the Republic. In his inaugural address he summarized its essentials when he said: "The federal government did not create the states; the states created the federal government." This allegation of historical fact did not pass without comment. Richard Morris of Columbia took issue with the President, called his view of the historical facts "a hoary myth about the origin of the Union," and went on to summarize the evidence showing that "the United States was created by the people in collectivity, not by the individual states." No less bluntly, Henry Steele Commager of Amherst said the President did not understand the Constitution, which in its own words asserts that it was ordained by "We, the People of the United States," not by the states severally.

We may smile at this exchange between the President and the professors. They are talking about something that happened a long time ago. To be sure, the conflict of ideas between them did inform the most serious crisis of our first century—the grim struggle that culminated in the Civil War. In that conflict, President Reagan's view—the compact theory of the Constitution—was championed by Jefferson Davis, the president of the seceding South. The first Republican President of the United States, on the other hand, espoused the national theory of the Constitution. "The Union," said Abraham Lincoln, "is older than any of

the states and, in fact, it created them as States. . . . The Union and not the states separately produced their independence and their liberty. . . . The Union gave each of them whatever of independence and liberty it has."

As stated by President Lincoln, the national idea is a theory that ultimate authority lies in the United States. It identifies the whole people of the nation as the source of the legitimate power of both the federal government and the state governments.

The national idea, however, is not only a theory of authority but also a theory of purpose, a perspective on public policy, a guide to the ends for which power should be used. It invites us to ask ourselves what sort of a people we are, and whether we are a people, and what we wish to make of ourselves as a people. In this sense the national idea is as alive and contentious today as it was when Alexander Hamilton set the course of the first Administration of George Washington.

Like the other founders, Hamilton sought to establish a regime of republican liberty, that is, a system of government which would protect the individual's rights of person and property and which would be founded upon the consent of the governed. He was by no means satisfied with the legal framework produced by the Philadelphia convention. Fearing the states, he would have preferred a much stronger central authority, and, distrusting the common people, he would have set a greater distance between them and the exercise of power. He was less concerned, however, with the legal framework than with the use that would be made of it. He saw in the Constitution not only a regime of liberty but also, and especially, the promise of nationhood.

He understood, moreover, that this promise of nationhood would have to be fulfilled if the regime of liberty itself was to endure. The scale of the country almost daunted him. At Philadelphia, as its chief diarist reported, Hamilton "confessed that he was much discouraged by the amazing extent of the Country in expecting the desired blessings from any general sovereignty that could be substituted." This fear echoed the conventional wisdom of the time. The great Montesquieu had warned that popular government was not suitable for a large and diverse country. If attempted,

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he predicted that its counsels would be distracted by "a thousand private views" and its extent would provide cover for ambitious men seeking despotic power.

One reply to Montesquieu turned this argument on its head by declaring that such pluralism would be a source of stability. In his famous Tenth Federalist, James Madison argued that the more extensive republic, precisely because of its diversity, would protect popular government by making oppressive combinations less likely. Hamilton did not deny Madison's reasoning, but perceived that something more than a balance of groups would be necessary if the more extensive republic was to escape the disorder that would destroy its liberty.

Hamilton summarized his views in the farewell address he drafted for Washington in 1796. Its theme is the importance of union. But this union does not consist merely in a balance of groups or a consensus of values, and certainly not merely in a strong central government or a common framework of constitutional law. It is rather a condition of the people, uniting them by both sympathy and interest, but above all in "an indissoluble community of interest as *one nation*."

Hamilton's nationalism did not consist solely in his belief that the Americans were "one people" rather than thirteen separate peoples. The father of the compact theory himself, Thomas Jefferson, at times shared that opinion, to which he gave expression in the Declaration of Independence. The contrast with Jefferson lay in Hamilton's activism, his belief that this American people must make vigorous use of its central government for the task of nation-building. This difference between the two members of Washington's Cabinet, the great individualist and the great nationalist, achieved classic expression in their conflict over the proposed Bank of the United States. Jefferson feared that the bank would corrupt his cherished

agrarian order and discovered no authority for it in the Constitution. Hamilton, believing that a central bank was necessary to sustain public credit, promote economic development, and—in his graphic phrase—"cement the union," found in a broad construction of the "necessary and proper" clause of Article I ample constitutional authorization. Looking back today and recognizing that the words of the Constitution can be fitted into either line of reasoning, we must sigh with

relief that President Washington, and in later years the Supreme Court, preferred the Hamiltonian doctrine.

Hamilton was not only a nationalist and centralizer, he was also an elitist. Along with the bank, his first steps to revive and sustain the public credit were the full funding of the federal debt and the federal assumption of the debts incurred by the states during the war of independence. These measures had their fiscal and economic purposes. Their social impact, moreover, favored the fortunes of those members of the propertied classes who had come to hold the federal and state obligations.

This result, while

fully understood, was incidental to Hamilton's ultimate purpose, which was political. As with the bank, that purpose was to strengthen the newly empowered central government by attaching to it the interests of these influential members of society. Hamilton promoted capitalism, but not because he was a lackey of the capitalist class—indeed, he once wrote to a close friend, "I hate moneying men." His elitism was subservient to his nationalism.

In the same cause he was not only an elitist, but also an integrationist. I use that term expressly because of its current overtones, wishing to suggest Hamilton's perception of how diversity need not always be divisive, but may lead to mutual dependence and union. Here again he broke from Jefferson, who valued homogeneity. Hamilton, on the other hand, planned for



ALEXANDER HAMILTON (GRANGER COLLECTION)

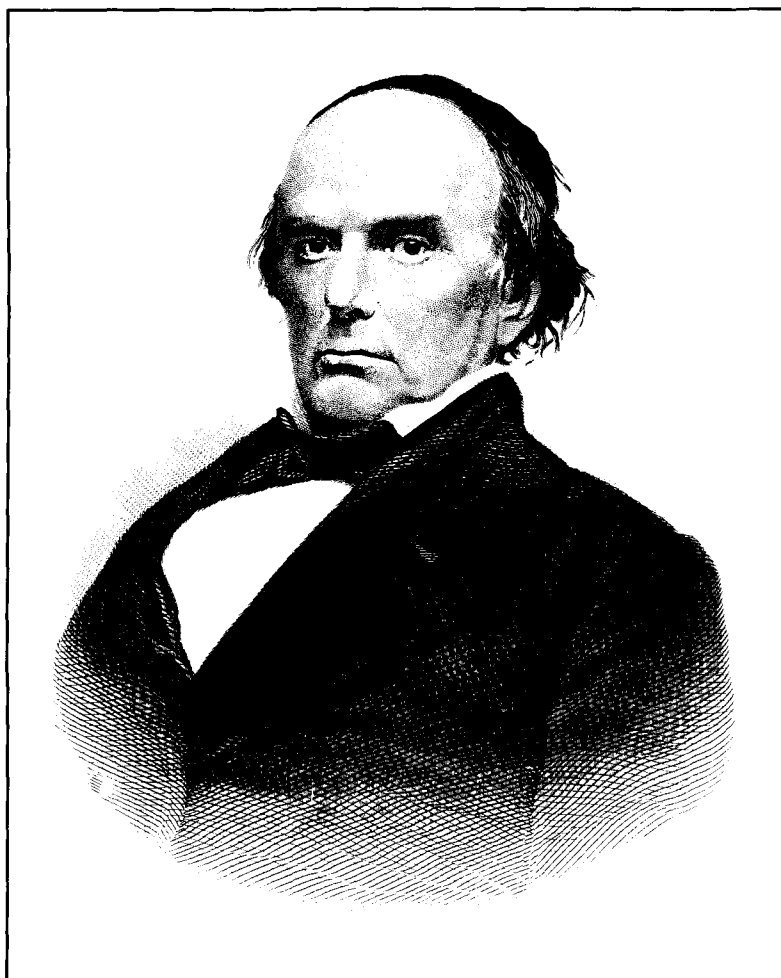
active federal intervention to diversify the economy by the development of commerce and industry. His great report on manufactures is at once visionary and far-seeing—"the embryo of modern America," a recent writer terms it.

Hamilton is renowned for his statecraft: for his methods of using the powers of government for economic, political, and social ends. But that emphasis obscures his originality, which consisted in his conceptualization of those ends. His methods were derivative, being taken from the theory and practice of state-builders of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from Colbert to Pitt. Hamilton used this familiar technology, however, to forward the unprecedented attempt to establish republican government on a continental scale. In his scheme the unities of nationhood would sustain the authority of such a regime. By contrast, those earlier craftsmen of the modern state in Bourbon France or Hohenzollern Prussia or Whig Britain could take for granted the established authority of a monarchic and aristocratic regime. They too had their techniques for enhancing the attachment of the people to the prince. But in America the people were the prince. To enhance their attachment to the ultimate governing power, therefore, meant fortifying the bonds that united them as a people. If the authority of this first nation-state was to suffice for its governance, the purpose of the state would have to become the development of the nation. This was the distinctive Hamiltonian end: to make the nation more of a nation.

The national idea, so engendered, confronted three great crises: the crisis of sectionalism, culminating in the Civil War; the crisis of industrialism, culminating in the Great Depression and the New Deal; and the crisis of racism, which continues to rack our country.

In the course of the struggle with sectionalism, John

C. Calhoun defined the issue and threw down the challenge to nationalism when he said: "... the very idea of an *American People*, as constituting a single community, is a mere chimera. Such a community never for a single moment existed—neither before nor since the Declaration of Independence." This was a logical deduction from the compact theory, which according to Calhoun's system made of each state a "separate sovereign community."



DANIEL WEBSTER (GRANGER COLLECTION)

His leading opponent, Daniel Webster, has been called the first great champion of the national theory of the union. If we are thinking of speech rather than action, that is true, since Hamilton's contribution, although earlier, was in the realm of deeds rather than words. Webster never won the high executive power that he sought, and the cause of union for which he spent himself suffered continual defeat during his lifetime. But the impact on history of words such as his is not to be underestimated. "When finally, after his death, civil war did eventuate," concludes his biographer, "it was Webster's doctrine, from the lips of Abraham

Lincoln, which animated the North and made its victory inevitable." Webster gave us not only doctrine, but also imagery and myth. He was not the narrow legalist and materialistic Whig of some critical portraits. And if his oratory is too florid for our taste today, its effect on his audiences was overpowering. "I was never so excited by public speaking before in my life," exclaimed George Ticknor, an otherwise cool Bostonian, after one address. "Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood." Those who heard him, it has been said, "experienced the same delight which they might have received from a performance of *Hamlet* or Beethoven's Fifth Symphony." Poets have been called, "the unacknowledged legislators of the world"; this legislator was the unacknowledged poet of the young Republic.

To say this is to emphasize his style; but what was the substance of his achievement? Historians of political thought usually, and correctly, look first to his memorable debate with Senator Robert Hayne of South Carolina in January of 1830. Echoing Calhoun's deductions from the compact theory, Hayne had stated the doctrine of nullification. This doctrine would deny to the federal judiciary the right to draw the line between federal and state authority, leaving such questions of constitutionality to be decided—subject to various qualifications—by each state itself.

IN REPLY Webster set forth with new boldness the national theory of authority. Asking what was the origin of "this general government," he concluded that the Constitution is not a compact between the states. It was not established by the governments of the several states, or by the people of the several states, but by "the people of the United States in the aggregate." In Lincolnian phrases, he called it "the people's Constitution, the people's government, made for the people, made by the people and answerable to the people," and clinched his argument for the dependence of popular government on nationhood with that memorable and sonorous coda, "Liberty and union, one and inseparable, now and forever."

These later passages of his argument have almost monopolized the attention of historians of political thought. Yet it is in an earlier and longer part that he developed the Hamiltonian thrust, looking not to the origin but to the purpose of government. These initial passages of the debate had not yet focused on the problems of authority and nullification. The question was rather what to do with a great national resource—the public domain, already consisting of hundreds of millions of acres located in the states and territories and owned by the federal government. Large tracts had been used to finance internal improvements, such as roads, canals, and schools, as envisioned by Hamilton and ardently espoused by the previous President, John Quincy Adams.

When Webster defended such uses, citing the long-standing agreement that the public domain was for "the common benefit of all the States," Hayne made a revealing reply. If that was the rule, said he, how could one justify "voting away immense bodies of these lands—for canals in Indiana and Illinois, to the Louisville and Portland Canal, to Kenyon College in Ohio, to Schools for the Deaf and Dumb." "If grants of this character," he continued, "can fairly be considered as made for the common benefit of all the states, it can only be because all the states are interested in the welfare of each—a principle, which, carried to the full extent, destroys all distinction between local and national subjects."

Webster seized the objection and set out to answer it. His task was to show when a resource belonging to the whole country could legitimately be used to support

works on "particular roads, particular canals, particular rivers, and particular institutions of education in the West." Calling this question "the real and wide difference in political opinion between the honorable gentleman and myself," he asserted that there was a "common good" distinguishable from "local goods," yet embracing such particular projects.

In these passages the rhetoric is suggestive, but one would like a more specific answer: what *is* the difference between a local and a general good? Suddenly Webster's discourse becomes quite concrete. His approach is to show what the federal government must do by demonstrating what the states cannot do. Using the development of transportation after the peace of 1815 for illustration, Webster shows why a particular project within a state, which also has substantial benefits for other states, will for that very reason probably not be undertaken by the state within which it is located.

"Take the instance of the Delaware breakwater," he said. (This was a large artificial harbor then under federal construction near the mouth of Delaware Bay.) "It will cost several millions of money. Would Pennsylvania ever have constructed it? Certainly never, . . . because it is not for her sole benefit. Would Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware have united to accomplish it at their joint expenses? Certainly not, for the same reason. It could not be done, therefore, but by the general government."

Hayne was right to shrink from the logic of this argument. For its logic does mean that in a rapidly developing economy such as that of America in the eighteenth century, increasing interdependence would bring more and more matters legitimately within the province of the federal government. But logic was not the only aspect of Webster's argument that Hayne was resisting. In the spirit of Hamilton, Webster did perceive the prospect of increasing interdependence and recognized that it could fully realize its promise of wealth and power only with the assistance of the federal government. Moreover, he looked beyond the merely material benefits that such intervention would bring to individuals, classes, and regions toward his grand objective, "the consolidation of the union." This further criterion of the common good could under no circumstances be reconciled with Hayne's "system."

LIKE HAMILTON, Webster sought to make the nation more of a nation. As he conceived this objective, however, he broke from the bleak eighteenth-century realism of Hamilton and turned his imagination toward the vistas of social possibility being opened up by the rising romantic movement of his day. By "consolidation" Webster did not mean merely attachment to the union arising from economic benefits. Indeed, he blamed Hayne for regarding the union "as a mere question of present and temporary expedi-

ence; nothing more than a mere matter of profit and loss . . . to be preserved, while it suits local and temporary purposes to preserve it; and to be sundered whenever it shall be found to thwart such purposes."

The language brings to mind the imagery of another romantic nationalist, Edmund Burke; in his famous assault upon the French Revolution and social contract theory, he proclaimed that "the state ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved at the fancy of the parties," but rather as "a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection."

A later formulation echoes Burke's words and phrasing even more exactly, as Webster sets forth the organic conception of the nation: "The Union," he said, "is not a temporary partnership of states. It is an association of people, under a constitution of government, uniting their power, joining together their highest interests, cementing their present enjoyments, and blending into one indivisible mass, all their hopes for the future."

Webster articulated this conception most vividly not in Congress or before the Supreme Court, but at public gatherings on patriotic occasions. There the constraints of a professional and adversarial audience upon his imagination were relaxed and his powers as myth-maker released. Consider what some call the finest of his occasional addresses, his speech at the laying of the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill Monument on June 17, 1825. As in his advocacy and in his debates, his theme was the union. What he did, however, was not to make an argument for the union, but to tell a story about it—a story about its past with a lesson for its future.

THE PLOT was simple: how American union foiled the British oppressors in 1775. They had thought to divide and conquer, anticipating that the other colonies would be cowed by the severity of the punishment visited on Massachusetts and that the other seaports would be seduced by the prospect of gain from trade diverted from Boston. "How miserably such reasoners deceived themselves!" exclaimed the orator. "Everywhere the unworthy boon was rejected with scorn. The fortunate occasion was seized, everywhere, to show to the whole world that the Colonies were swayed by no local interest, no partial interest, no selfish interest." In the imagery of Webster, the battle of Bunker Hill was a metaphor of that united people. As Warren, Prescott, Putnam, and Stark had fought side by side; as the four colonies of New England had on that day stood together with "one cause, one country, one heart"; so also "the feeling of resistance . . . possessed the whole American people." So much for Calhoun and his "system."

From this myth of war Webster drew a lesson for peace. "In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. . . . Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered." Then he concluded with abrupt and brutal rhetoric: "Let our object be: OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY."

With his own matchless sensibility Abraham Lincoln deployed the doctrine and imagery of Webster to animate the North during the Civil War. Lincoln's nationalism, like Webster's, had a positive message for peacetime, and it was this message that set the course of the country's development for the next several generations. Much that he did derived from the original Hamiltonian program, which, long frustrated by the dominance of the compact theory, now burst forth in legislative and executive action. During the war years, not only was slavery given the death blow, but also an integrated program of positive federal involvement was put through in the fields of banking and currency, transportation, the tariff, land grants to homesteaders, and aid to higher education. In the following decades, an enormous expansion of the economy propelled the United States into the age of industrialism, which in due course engendered its typical problems of deprivation, inequality, and class conflict.

A REPUBLICAN, Theodore Roosevelt, first attempted to cope with these problems in terms of the national idea. Throughout his public career, an associate has written, Roosevelt "kept one steady purpose, the solidarity, the essential unity of our country. . . . All the details of his action, the specific policies he stated, arise from his underlying purpose for the Union." Like other Progressives, Roosevelt was disturbed by the rising conflicts between groups and classes and sought to offset them by timely reform. In this sense integration was T. R.'s guiding aim, and he rightly christened his cause "The New Nationalism." Effective advocacy of this cause, however, fell to another Roosevelt a generation later, when the failings of industrialism were raising far greater dangers to the union.

None of the main points in Franklin Roosevelt's famous inaugural of March 4, 1933, can be summarized without reference to the nation. The emergency is national because of "the interdependence of the various elements in, and parts of, the United States." Our purpose must be, first, "the establishment of a sound national economy," and beyond that "the assurance of a rounded and permanent national life." The mode of action must be national, conducted by the federal government and carried out "on a national scale," helped "by national planning." No other thematic term faintly rivals the term "nation" as noun or adject-

tive, in emphasis. Democracy is mentioned only once in Roosevelt's address; liberty, equality, or the individual not at all.

Franklin Roosevelt's nationalism was threefold. First it was a doctrine of federal centralization, and in his Administration, in peace as well as war, the balance of power in the federal system swung sharply toward Washington. Roosevelt called not only for a centralization of government, but also for a nationalization of politics. In these years a new kind of mass politics arose. The old rustic and sectional politics gave way to a new urban and class politics dividing electoral forces on a nationwide basis.

The third aspect of Roosevelt's nationalism was expressed in his policies. Those policies do not make a neat package and include many false starts and failures and ad hoc expedients. Yet in their overall impact one can detect the old purpose of "consolidation of the union."

DURING THE very first phase of the New Deal, based on the National Industrial Recovery Act, this goal was explicit. In its declaration of policy, the act, having declared a "national emergency," called for "cooperative action among trade groups" and "united action of labor and management" under "adequate government sanctions and supervision." Engulfed in red, white, and blue propaganda, the NRA, after a first brief success, failed to achieve that coordinated effort and had virtually collapsed by the time it was declared unconstitutional in 1935. The second New Deal which followed, however, brought about fundamental and lasting changes in the structure of the American government and economy.

The paradox of the second New Deal is that although at the time it was intensely divisive, in the end it enhanced national solidarity. The divisiveness will be readily granted by anyone who remembers the campaign of 1936. The tone was set by Roosevelt's speech accepting the Democratic nomination. In swollen and abrasive hyperbole he promised that, just as 1776 had wiped out "political tyranny," so 1936 would bring "economic tyranny" to an end. The "economic royalist" metaphor that was launched into the political battle by this speech expressed the emerging purpose of the New Deal to create a new balance of power in the economy by means of a series of basic structural reforms. The Wagner Act was the most important and characteristic reform. Utilizing its protections of the right to organize and to bargain collectively, trade unions swept through industry in a massive organizing effort. Despite bitter and sometimes bloody resistance in what can only be called class war, over the years not only practices but also attitudes eventually were altered. The life of the working stiff was never again the same.

The Rooseveltian reforms had two aspects. In their material aspect they brought about a redistribution of

power in favor of certain groups. No less important was their symbolic significance as recognition of the full membership of these groups in the national community. Industrial labor and recent immigrants won a degree of acceptance in the national consciousness and in everyday social intercourse that they had not previously enjoyed. In Roosevelt's appointments to the judiciary, Catholics and Jews were recognized as never before. He named the first Italo-American and the first blacks ever appointed to the federal bench. As Joseph Alsop has recently observed, "the essence of his achievement" was that he "included the excluded." And with such high spirits! He once addressed the Daughters of the American Revolution as "Fellow Immigrants!"

Recently I had a letter from a friend who asked: Did not "the new social democracy, which arose with the New Deal, make popular sacrifice, not least for foreign policy, more difficult to obtain?" Just the opposite, I replied. And I went on to recall how during the war it often occurred to me that we were lucky that those sudden, vast demands being put upon the people in the name of national defense had been preceded by a period of radical national reform. An anecdote will illustrate my point. One hot day in the late summer of 1944 while crossing France we stopped to vote by absentee ballot in the Presidential election. "Well, Guthrie," I said to one of the noncoms, "let's line up these men and vote them for Roosevelt." That light-hearted remark was entirely in keeping with the situation. Most of the GIs were from fairly poor families in the Bronx and New Jersey. Politics didn't greatly concern them, but nothing was more natural to them than to vote for the man who had brought WPA, Social Security, and other benefits to their families. Even among the battalion officers I can think of only two who did not vote for Roosevelt—the colonel and a staff officer from New York City named something or other the fourth.

NONE OF THESE conflicts in nation-building is ever wholly terminated. Sectionalism still flares up from time to time, as between frost belt and sun belt. So also does class struggle. Similarly today, the cleavages among ethnic groups that boiled up with a new bitterness in the 1960s are far from being resolved.

The issue is not just ethnicity, but race. To be sure, ethnic pluralism is a fact—there are said to be ninety-two ethnic groups in the New York area alone—but this broad focus obscures the burning issue, which is the coexistence of blacks and whites in large numbers on both sides. That question of numbers is crucial. In other times and places one can find instances of a small number of one race living in relative peace in a society composed overwhelmingly of the other race. "Tokenism" is viable. But the facts rule out that solution for the United States.

Another option is the model of "separate but equal." In some circumstances this option could be carried out on a decent and democratic basis. It is, for instance, the way the French-speaking citizens of Quebec would like to live in relation to Canada as a whole. And, commonly, Canadians contrast favorably what they call their "mosaic society" with the American "melting pot." But in the present crisis Americans have rejected this option in law and in opinion as segregation. American nationalism demands that diversity be dealt with not by separation, but by integration.

For John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, the question was, first of all, civil rights. This meant securing for blacks the legal and political rights that had been won for whites in other generations. But the problem of civil rights, which was mainly a problem of the South, merged with the problem of black deprivation, which was especially a problem of northern cities. Johnson's "war on poverty" characterized the main thrust of the Great Society measures which he built on the initiatives of Kennedy. To think of these measures as concerned simply with "the poor" is to miss the point. The actual incidence of poverty meant that their main concern would be with the living conditions and opportunities of blacks, and especially those who populated the decaying areas of the great urban centers swollen by migration from the South to the North during and after World War II.

THESE PROGRAMS were based on the recognition that membership in one ethnic group rather than another can make a great difference to your life chances. In trying to make the opportunities somewhat less unequal, they sought to bring the individuals belonging to disadvantaged groups—as was often said—"into the mainstream of American life." The rhetoric of one of Johnson's most impassioned speeches echoes this purpose. Only a few days after a civil rights march led by Martin Luther King had been broken up by state troopers in full view of national television, he introduced the Voting Rights Act of 1965 into Congress. Calling upon the myths of former wars, like other nationalist orators before him, he harked back to Lexington and Concord and to Appomattox in his summons to national effort. "What happened in Selma," he continued, "is part of a larger movement which reaches into every section and state of America. It is the effort of American Negroes to secure for themselves the full blessings of American life. . . ." Then, declaring that "their cause must be our cause too," he closed with solemn echo of the song of the marchers: "*And—we—shall—overcome.*"

Considering where we started from some thirty years ago, our progress has been substantial. Still, few will assert that our statecraft—from poverty programs to affirmative action to busing—has been adequate to the objective. This problem still awaits its Alexander Hamilton. We may take some comfort from the fact

that it is continuous with his great work. The Founders confronted the task of founding a nation-state. Our present exercise in nation-building is no less challenging. What we are attempting has never before been attempted by any country at any time. It is to create within a liberal, democratic framework a society in which vast numbers of both black and white people live in free and equal intercourse—political, economic, and social. It is a unique, a stupendous, demand, but the national idea will let us be satisfied with nothing less.

THE FEDERAL SYSTEM that confronts Ronald Reagan is the outcome of these three great waves of centralization: the Lincolnian, the Rooseveltian, and the Johnsonian. By means of his new federalism President Reagan seeks radically to decentralize that system. Does the history of the national idea in American politics suggest any criticism or guidance?

I hope, at least, that it does something to undermine the appeal of compact theory rhetoric. Rhetoric is important. Words are the means through which politicians reach the motivations of voters and by which leaders may shape those motivations. Both the compact theory and the national theory touch nerves of the body politic. Each conveys a very different sense of nationhood—or the lack thereof. My theme has been the national theory, which envisions one people, at once sovereign and subject, source of authority and substance of history, asserting, through conflict and in diversity, our unity of origin and of destiny.

Such an image does not yield a rule for allocating functions between levels of government. That is for practical men, assisted no doubt by the policy sciences. But the imagery of the national idea can prepare the minds of practical men to recognize in the facts of our time the call for renewed effort to consolidate the union. The vice of the compact theory is that it obscures this issue, diverts attention from the facts, and muffles the call for action.

Today this issue is real. A destructive pluralism—sectional, economic, and ethnic—disrupts our common life. It is foolish to use the rhetoric of political discourse to divert attention from that fact. I would ask the new federalists not only to give up their diversionary rhetoric, but positively to advocate the national idea. This does not mean they must give up federal reform. A nationalist need not always be a centralizer. For philosophical and for pragmatic reasons he may prefer a less active federal government. The important thing is to keep alive in our speech and our intentions the move toward the consolidation of the union. People will differ on what and how much needs to be done. The common goal should not be denied. We may need a new federalism. We surely need a new nationalism. I plead with the new federalists: come out from behind that Jeffersonian verbiage, and take up the good old Hamiltonian cause.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

The Miracle Workers

It's always been staggering to think of the sheer quantity of talent, craft, brains, and ingenuity in Hollywood. From the beginnings, some seventy years ago, the film colony has had as

Blade Runner
(Warner Brothers)

Author! Author!
(20th Century-Fox)

high a concentration of those qualities as, proportionately, any center on earth. The level of abilities, allowing for one exception, has been Olympian. That exception is, obviously, the matter of the *raison d'être*. But, aside from the purpose of it all—the usual level of scripts and directing and acting—Hollywood has been almost unremittingly marvelous in technique and in art. The scene and costume design, the photography, the photographic devices and effects, the sound recording and mixing have set a mark for the world. Not just the film world but for imaginative intelligence generally.

We've just had three films in a row that demonstrate this case keenly, and there are more to come. Of the three, only one—Spielberg's *E. T.*—used its resources to an end that justified their quality: but that is to introduce a different standard. All of them, including *Star Trek II* and *Blade Runner*, are full of marvels in the ways noted above. *Blade Runner*, particularly, though all its achievements are utilized for a dull and silly film, is crammed with wonderful, if wasted, achievement.

It's set in Los Angeles, 2019. The streets are extremely crowded, with people, vehicles, and mountainous buildings crowding in. The light is always heavy, as if the whole city were under a dome; fierce rain is frequent. The air is thick with floating electric billboards that sail by with gigantic "TV commercials," most of them featuring smiling Japanese women. Police cars are

Hovercraft that land and take off vertically. The atmosphere is claustrophobic, the environment technologically saturated.

My first reaction was that privacy was virtually gone. Privacy has already become, in our time, the most expensive commodity in urban life, and by 2019, the streets are choking; even apartments, except for one tycoon's residence, are cluttered, as if people feel uneasy with roominess. The Space Age has brought, in personal reaction, an aversion to space.

In older sci-fi films, such as *Things to Come* (1936), cities of the future were airy and ennobling, with the feeling of the East Building of the National Gallery of Art in Washington. Not in *Blade Runner*.

It's all superbly done. Wonderful. The director, Ridley Scott, maker of *The Duellists* and *Alien*, is better known for his visual interests than for anything else; here he has outdone himself. No posings, no imitations of paintings, but the creation of a new "fabric." His chief associates were the industrial designer, Syd Mead, the production designer, Lawrence G. Paull, the art director, David Snyder, and Douglas Trumbull, the magician of special effects for *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and many other films. The cinematographer was Jordan Cronenweth, who has lighted to emphasize intrusion and encroachment: peering searchlights or creeping crepuscular tones that seem to struggle against the dark. That lighting emphasizes the honeycomb surface of many of the walls, so that we sometimes feel trapped inside a gargantuan Louise Nevelson sculpture.

To enjoy *Blade Runner*, you need only disregard, as far as possible, the actors and dialogue. (And the score. Vangelis, who did the sensationally successful music for *Chariots of Fire*, here contributes mostly wind and goo.) The script is another reworking of a threat to humans by humanoids—one more vari-

ation on the *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* theme. A blade runner—an unexplained phrase and clumsy title—is a secret policeman assigned to detect and kill these humanoids. The chief BR here is Harrison Ford, which is confusing because he always strikes me as a humanoid himself. But except for its reason for being, *Blade Runner* is splendid, a strong argument for the Style Is All thesis.

Technical Wizardry Note. The summer 1982 issue of *Critical Inquiry* has an article by Robert L. Carringer on the collaboration between Orson Welles and Gregg Toland, the cinematographer, in the making of *Citizen Kane*. Carringer makes a startling statement about one of the most discussed shots in the film: the opening of the scene of Susan's attempted suicide, in which the camera looks past a glass and spoon and bottle, large in the foreground on the night table next to her bed, to the bedroom door in the background through which Kane bursts. This has long been celebrated as a supreme example of deep focus; André Bazin used it as important evidence for a film theory that even had religious overtones, a testimony to holism. Now Carringer says

FILMS WORTH SEEING

E.T., The Extra-Terrestrial. Steven Spielberg's near-sequel to *Close Encounters*. A stranded, frightened visitor from Out There is befriended by three California children. Tickling and endearing.

La Femme Enfant. Raphaële Billetdoux's first film, full of reticent feeling. Innocent love between a fourteen-year-old girl (Penelope Palmer) and a mute laborer (excellently played by Klaus Kinski).

Gregory's Girl. Scottish high-school romance and tribulations. Maladroitly made but delightfully acted and written.

Marianne and Juliane. A personal-political poem based on a true story of two German sisters in the 1970s. The author-director, Margarethe von Trotta, continues to grow in art.

SK

that this shot is nothing of the kind: it's "an in-camera effect that has never been recognized as one." It's an in-camera matte:

First the foreground was lighted and focused and shot with the background dark. Then the foreground was darkened, the background lighted, the lens refocused, the film rewound, and the scene reshot.

Carringer, noting that Bazin cited this shot as proof that Welles's "filmmaking tendencies" were fundamentally realist, says: "In fact, it demonstrates the opposite." In my view, it does nothing of the kind: it demonstrates what it's been demonstrating since 1941, deep focus and holism. The fact that this effect was achieved by a matte shot—a fact available only to researchers and irrelevant to viewers—doesn't destroy the realist intent, any more than Welles's use of make-up as Kane, instead of actually aging while the film was shot, is antirealist. And it demonstrates that Toland is high in the line of wizards who have made marvels in Hollywood.

It also demonstrates that Welles must have been enjoying a good many secret chuckles all these years at the rhapsodists who were mispraising the shot.

dists who were mispraising the shot.

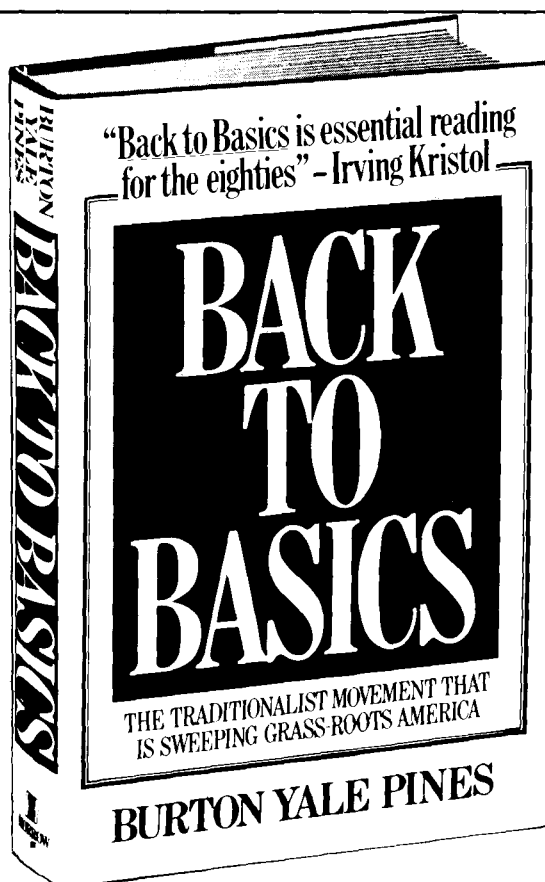
Father love, too, has long been a Hollywood staple. I remember crying at *Sorrell and Son* in 1927, especially at the death of H. B. Warner attended by his doctor son, Nils Asther. Al Jolson's *Sonny Boy* of 1929 (a.k.a. *The Singing Fool*) was the biggest hit before *Gone With the Wind*. Lately the subject of father love has again come in for busy use, perhaps as the result of *Kramer vs. Kramer*. Recently there was *Shoot the Moon*. Now there's *Author! Author!*, in which, by Hollywood's rule of sore thumb, Al Pacino is given five children, his own and those of his wandering wife. (Logical, isn't it? If one child worked for Dustin Hoffman, five will quintuple the effect for Pacino.)

The script, by the one-time promising playwright Israel Horovitz, is glitzed stupidity. A lot of ersatz bright repartee, flecked with an occasional funny line, lacquers a story that is more holes than cheese and whose characters, especially the women, are mere ambulatory conveniences for scenes that the filmmakers thought would be peachy-keen. In *Author! Author!* Pacino is a paterfamilias

playwright with a show in rehearsal on Broadway, a wife (Tuesday Weld) on the loose, and a star (Dyan Cannon) who moves in for a time. The reasons for the wife's and star's comings and goings are all straw without bricks. The action, such as Pacino's taking a taxi to Massachusetts and back in the middle of rehearsals in an attempt to recapture his wife, is made up of the anemic zany stuff that faded with the fourth wave of screwball comedies in the late 1930s. The chief mod addition is the now-trite knowingness of the kids, about sex and everything else. Aren't there *any* children today without insight that would shame a graybearded sage?

Pacino is surrounded with these children the way an aging female stage star's throat is surrounded with chiffon—to cover the harshness and lend allure. It doesn't help. He gets a few chances to break furniture, which are much more his vein. When Pacino smiles, all I can think of is the shark's pearly teeth in "Mack the Knife."

A producer named Irwin Winkler thought that this script was worth producing and that Arthur Hiller was the man to direct it. Ether! Ether!



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EXPELLED

BY JOHN CHEEVER

Teachers often write brilliant things about their pupils, but it is very seldom that pupils of preparatory-school age are able to return the compliment. John Cheever is an exception. Last spring he was expelled from an academy in Massachusetts at the end of his junior year. In the following sketches, written at the age of seventeen, he reproduces the atmosphere of an institution where education is served out dry in cakes, like pemmican.—THE EDITORS.

IT DIDN'T come all at once. It took a very long time. First I had a skirmish with the English department and then all the other departments. Pretty soon something had to be done. The first signs were cordialities on the part of the headmaster. He was never nice to anybody unless he was a football star, or hadn't paid his tuition or was going to be expelled. That's how I knew.

He called me down to his office with the carved chairs arranged in a semicircle and the brocade curtains resting against the vacant windows. All about him were pictures of people who had got scholarships at Harvard. He asked me to sit down.

"Well, Charles," he said, "some of the teachers say you aren't getting very good marks."

"Yes," I said, "that's true." I didn't care about the marks.

"But Charles," he said, "you know the scholastic standard of this school is very high and we have to drop people when their work becomes unsatisfactory." I told him I knew that also. Then he said a lot of things about the traditions, and the elms, and the magnificent military

John Cheever, who died on June 18 at the age of seventy, published his first short story at seventeen in the pages of THE NEW REPUBLIC. "Expelled," written after his expulsion from Thayer Academy in Massachusetts, was published in TNR on October 1, 1930. It has not been included in any collection of Cheever's stories, so we are reprinting it now as it appeared then, prefaced by the original explanatory note from the editors.

heritage from our West Point founder.

It was very nice outside of his room. He had his window pushed open halfway and one could see the lawns pulling down to the road behind the trees and the bushes. The gravy-colored curtains were too heavy to move about in the wind, but some papers shifted around on his desk. In a little while I got up and walked out. He turned and started to work again. I went back to my next class.

The next day was very brilliant and the peach branches were full against the dry sky. I could hear people talking and a phonograph playing. The sounds came through the peach blossoms and crossed the room. I lay in bed and thought about a great many things. My dreams had been thick. I remembered two converging hills, some dry apple trees and a broken blue egg cup. That is all I could remember.

I put on knickers and a soft sweater and headed toward school. My hands shook on the wheel. I was like that all over.

Through the cloudy trees I could see the protrusion of the new tower. It was going to be a beautiful new tower and it was going to cost a great deal of money. Some thought of buying new books for the library instead of putting up a tower, but no one would see the books. People would be able to see the tower five miles off when the leaves were off the trees. It would be done by fall.

When I went into the building the headmaster's secretary was standing in the corridor. She was a nice sort of person with brown funnels of hair furrowed about a round head. She smiled. I guess she must have known.

THE COLONEL

Every morning we went up into the black chapel. The brisk headmaster was there. Sometimes he had a member of the faculty with him. Sometimes it was a stranger.

He introduced the stranger, whose speech was always the same. In the

spring life is like a baseball game. In the fall it is like football. That is what the speaker always said.

The hall is damp and ugly with skylights that rattle in the rain. The seats are hard and you have to hold a hymnbook in your lap. The hymnbook often slips off and that is embarrassing.

On Memorial Day they have the best speaker. They have a mayor or a Governor. Sometimes they have a Governor's second. There is very little preference.

The Governor will tell us what a magnificent country we have. He will tell us to beware of the Red menace. He will want to tell us that the goddam foreigners should have gone home a hell of a long time ago. That they should have stayed in their own goddam countries if they didn't like ours. He will not dare say this though.

If they have a mayor the speech will be longer. He will tell us that our country is beautiful and young and strong. That the War is over, but that if there is another war we must fight. He will tell us that war is a masculine trait that has brought present civilization to its fine condition. Then he will leave us and help stout women place lilacs on graves. He will tell them the same thing.

One Memorial Day they could not get a Governor or a mayor. There was a colonel in the same village who had been to war and who had a chest thick with medals. They asked him to speak. Of course he said he would like to speak.

He was a thin colonel with a soft nose that rested quietly on his face. He was nervous and pushed his wedding ring about his thin finger. When he was introduced he looked at the audience sitting in the uncomfortable chairs. There was silence and the dropping of hymnbooks like the water spouts in the aftermath of a heavy rain.

He spoke softly and quickly. He spoke of war and what he had seen. Then he had to stop. He stopped and looked at the boys. They were staring at their boots. He thought of the empty rooms in the other buildings. He thought of the rectangles of empty desks. He thought of the curtains on the stage and the four Windsor chairs behind him. Then he started to speak again.

He spoke as quickly as he could. He said war was bad. He said that there would never be another war. That he himself should stop it if he could. He swore. He looked at the young faces.

They were all very clean. The boys' knees were crossed and their soft pants hung loosely. He thought of the empty desks and began to whimper.

The people sat very still. Some of them felt tight as though they wanted to giggle. Everybody looked serious as the clock struck. It was time for another class.

People began to talk about the colonel after lunch. They looked behind them. They were afraid he might hear them.

It took the school several weeks to get over all this. Nobody said anything, but the colonel was never asked again. If they could not get a Governor or a mayor they could get someone besides a colonel. They made sure of that.

MARGARET
COURTWRIGHT

Margaret Courtwright was very nice. She was slightly bald and pulled her pressed hair down across her forehead. People said that she was the best English teacher in this part of the country, and when boys came back from Harvard they thanked her for the preparation she had given them. She did not like Edgar Guest, but she did like Carl Sandburg. She couldn't seem to understand the similarity. When I told her people laughed at Galsworthy she said that people used to laugh at Wordsworth. She did not believe people were still laughing at Wordsworth. That was what made her so nice.

She came from the West a long time ago. She taught school for so long that people ceased to consider her age. After having seen twenty-seven performances of "Hamlet" and after having taught it for sixteen years, she became a sort of immortal. Her interpretation was the one accepted on college-board papers. That helped everyone a great deal. No one had to get a new interpretation.

When she asked me for tea I sat in a walnut armchair with grapes carved on the head and traced and retraced the arms on the tea caddy. One time I read

her one of my plays. She thought it was wonderful. She thought it was wonderful because she did not understand it and because it took two hours to read. When I had finished, she said, "You know that thing just took right hold of me. Really it just swept me right along. I think it's fine that you like to write. I once had a Japanese pupil who liked to write. He was an awfully nice chap until one summer he went down to Provincetown. When he came back he was saying that he could express a complete

one who disagreed with Heine on Shakespeare and Croce on expression.

One day she called me into her anti-septic office and spoke to me of reading Joyce. "You know, Charles," she said, "this sex reality can be quite as absurd as a hypercritical regard for such subjects. You know that, don't you? Of course, you do." Then she went out of the room. She had straight ankles and wore a gold band peppered with diamond chips on her ring finger. She seemed incapable of carrying the weight of the folds in



JOHN CHEEVER WITH HIS JUNIOR CLASS AT THAYER ACADEMY (1930)

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THAYER ACADEMY

abstraction. Fancy . . . a complete abstraction. Well, I wouldn't hear of it and told him how absurd it all was and tried to start him off with Galsworthy again, but I guess he had gone just too far. In a little while he left for New York and then Paris. It was really too bad. One summer in Provincetown just ruined him. His marks fell down . . . he cut classes to go to symphony. . . ." She went into the kitchen and got a tray of tarts.

The pastries were flaky and covered with a white coating that made them shine in the dead sunlight. I watched the red filling burst the thin shells and stain the triangles of bright damask. The tarts were good. I ate most of them.

She was afraid I would go the way of her Japanese pupil. She doubted any-

her clothing. Her skirt was askew, either too long in front or hitching up on the side. Always one thing or the other.

When I left school she did not like it. She was afraid I might go too near Provincetown. She wished me good luck and moved the blotter back and forth on her desk. Then she returned to teaching "Hamlet."

Late in February Laura Driscoll got fired for telling her history pupils that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent. In her farewell appearance the headmaster told everyone how sorry he was that she was going and made it all quite convincing. Then Laura stood up, told the headmaster that he was a damned liar, and waving her fan-spread fingers called the school a hell of a dump where everyone got into a rut.

Miss Courtwright sat closely in her chair and knew it was true. She didn't mind much. Professor Rogers with his anti-feminization movement bothered her a little, too. But she knew that she had been teaching school for a long time now and no movement was going to put her out of a job overnight—what with all the boys she had smuggled into Harvard and sixteen years of "Hamlet."

LAURA DRISCOLL

History classes are always dead. This follows quite logically, for history is a dead subject. It has not the death of dead fruit or dead textiles or dead light. It has a different death. There is not the timeless quality of death about it. It is dead like scenery in the opera. It is on cracked canvas and the paint has faded and peeled and the lights are too bright. It is dead like old water in a zinc bathtub.

"We are going to study ancient history this year," the teacher will tell the pupils. "Yes, ancient history will be our field."

"Now of course, this class is not a class of children any longer. I expect the discipline to be the discipline of well bred young people. We shall not have to

waste any time on the scolding of younger children. No. We shall just be able to spend all our time on ancient history.

"Now about questions. I shall answer questions if they are important. If I do not think them important I shall not answer them, for the year is short, and we must cover a lot of ground in a short time. That is, if we all cooperate and behave and not ask too many questions we shall cover the subject and have enough time at the end of the year for review.

"You may be interested in the fact that a large percentage of this class was certified last year. I should like to have a larger number this year. Just think, boys: wouldn't it be fine if a very large number—a number larger than last year—was certified? Wouldn't that be fine? Well, there's no reason why we can't do it if we all cooperate and behave and don't ask too many questions.

"You must remember that I have twelve people to worry about and that you have only one. If each person will take care of his own work and pass in his notebook on time it will save me a lot of trouble. Time and trouble mean whether you get into college or not, and I want you all to get into college.

"If you will take care of your own little duties, doing what is assigned to you and doing it well, we shall all get along fine. You are a brilliant-looking group of young people, and I want to have you all certified. I want to get you into college with as little trouble as possible.

"Now about the books. . . ."

I do not know how long history classes have been like this. One time or another I suppose history was alive. That was before it died its horrible fly-dappled unquivering death.

Everyone seems to know that history is dead. No one is alarmed. The pupils and the teachers love dead history. They do not like it when it is alive. When Laura Driscoll dragged history into the classroom, squirming and smelling of something bitter, they fired Laura and strangled the history. It was too tumultuous. Too turbulent.

In history one's intellect is used for mechanical speculation on a probable century or background. One's memory is applied to a list of dead dates and names. When one begins to apply one's intellect to the mental scope of the period, to the emotional development of its inhabitants, one becomes dangerous. Laura Driscoll was terribly dangerous.

That's why Laura was never a good history teacher.

She was not the first history teacher I had ever had. She is not the last I will have. But she is the only teacher I have ever had who could feel history with an emotional vibrance—or, if the person was too oblique, with a poetic understanding. She was five feet four inches tall, brown-haired, and bent-legged from horseback riding. All the boys thought Laura Driscoll was a swell teacher.

She was the only history teacher I have ever seen who was often ecstatic. She would stand by the boards and shout out her discoveries on the Egyptian cultures. She made the gargoyle churning of Chartres in a heavy rain present an applicable meaning. She taught history as an interminable flood of events viewed through the distortion of our own immediacy. She taught history in the broad-handed rhythms of Hauptmann's drama, in the static melancholy of Egypt moving before its own shadow down the long sand, in the fluted symmetry of the Doric culture. She taught history as a hypothesis from which we could extract the evaluation of our own lives.

She was the only teacher who realized that, coming from the West, she had little business to be teaching these children of New England.

"I do not know what your reaction to the sea is," she would say. "For I have come from a land where there is no sea. My elements are the fields, the sun, the plastic cadence of the clouds and the cloudlessness. You have been brought up by the sea. You have been coached in the cadence of the breakers and the strength of the wind.

"My emotional viewpoints will differ from yours. Do not let me impose my perceptions upon you."

However, the college-board people didn't care about Chartres as long as you knew the date. They didn't care whether history was looked at from the mountains or the sea. Laura spent too much time on such trivia and all of her pupils didn't get into Harvard. In fact, very few of her pupils got into Harvard, and this didn't speak well for her.

While the other members of the faculty chattered over Hepplewhite legs and Duncan Phyfe embellishments, Laura was before five-handed Siva or the sexless compassion glorious in its faded polychrome. Laura didn't think much of America. Laura made this obvi-

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ous and the faculty heard about it. The faculty all thought America was beautiful. They didn't like people to disagree.

However, the consummation did not occur until late in February. It was cold and clear and the snow was deep. Outside the windows there was the enormous roaring of broken ice. It was late in February that Laura Driscoll said Sacco and Vanzetti were undeserving of their treatment.

This got everyone all up in the air. Even the headmaster was disconcerted. The faculty met.

The parents wrote letters.

Laura Driscoll was fired.

"Miss Driscoll," said the headmaster during her last chapel at the school, "has found it necessary to return to the West. In the few months that we have had with us, she has been a staunch friend of the academy, a woman whom we all admire and love and who, we are sure, loves and admires the academy and its elms as we do. We are all sorry Miss Driscoll is leaving us. . . ."

Then Laura got up, called him a damned liar, swore down the length of the platform and walked out of the building.

No one ever saw Laura Driscoll again. By the way everyone talked, no one wanted to. That was all late in February. By March the school was quiet again. The new history teacher taught dates. Everyone carefully forgot about Laura Driscoll.

"She was a nice girl," said the headmaster, "but she really wasn't made for teaching history. . . . No, she really wasn't a born history teacher."

FIVE MONTHS LATER

The spring of five months ago was the most beautiful spring I have ever lived in. The year before I had not known all about the trees and the heavy peach blossoms and the tea-colored brooks that shook down over the brown rocks. Five months ago it was spring and I was in school.

In school the white limbs beyond the study hall shook out a greenness, and the tennis courts became white and scalding. The air was empty and hard, and the vacant wind dragged shadows over the road. I knew all this only from the classrooms.

I knew about the trees from the window frames. I knew the rain only from the sounds on the roof. I was tired of seeing spring with walls and awnings

to intercept the sweet sun and the hard fruit. I wanted to go outdoors and see the spring. I wanted to feel and taste the air and be among the shadows. That is perhaps why I left school.

In the spring I was glad to leave school. Everything outside was elegant and savage and fleshy. Everything inside was slow and cool and vacant. It seemed a shame to stay inside.

But in a little while the spring went. I was left outside and there was no spring. I did not want to go in again. I would not have gone in again for anything. I was sorry, but I was not sorry over the fact that I had gone out. I was sorry that the outside and the inside could not have been open to one another. I was sorry that there were roofs on the classrooms and trousers on the legs of the instructors to insulate their contacts. I was not sorry that I had left school. I was sorry that I left for the reasons that I did.

If I had left because I had to go to work or because I was sick it would not have been so bad. Leaving because you are angry and frustrated is different. It is not a good thing to do. It is bad for everyone.

Of course it was not the fault of the school. The headmaster and faculty were doing what they were supposed to do. It was just a preparatory school trying to please the colleges. A school that was doing everything the colleges asked it to do.

It was not the fault of the school at all. It was the fault of the system—the non-educational system, the college-preparatory system. That was what made the school so useless.

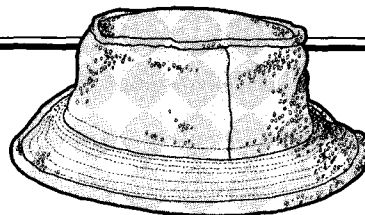
As a college-preparatory school it was a fine school. In five years they could make raw material look like college material. They could clothe it and breed it and make it say the right things when the colleges asked it to talk. That was its duty.

They weren't prepared to educate anybody. They were members of a college-preparatory system. No one around there wanted to be educated. No sir.

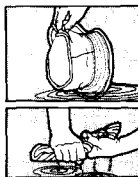
They presented the subjects the colleges required. They had math, English, history, languages and music. They once had had an art department but it had been dropped. "We have enough to do," said the headmaster, "just to get all these people into college without trying to teach them art. Yes sir, we have quite enough to do as it is."

Of course there were literary appreciation and art appreciation and musical appreciation, but they didn't count for much. If you are young, there is very little in Thackeray that is parallel to your own world. Van Dyke's "Abbé Scaglia" and the fretwork of Mozart quartets are not for the focus of your ears and eyes. All the literature and art that holds a similarity to your life is forgotten. Some of it is even forbidden.

Our country is the best country in the world. We are swimming in prosperity and our President is the best president in the world. We have larger apples and better cotton and faster and more beautiful machines. This makes us the greatest country in the world. Unemployment is a myth. Dissatisfaction is a fable. In preparatory school America is beautiful. It is the gem of the ocean and it is too bad. It is bad because people believe it all. Because they become indifferent. Because they marry and reproduce and vote and they know nothing. Because the tempered newspaper keeps its eyes ceilingwards and does not see the dirty floor. Because all



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they know is the tempered newspaper.

But I will not say any more. I do not stand in a place where I can talk.

And now it is August. The orchards are stinking ripe. The tea-colored brooks run beneath the rocks. There is sediment on the stone and no wind in the willows. Everyone is preparing to go back to school. I have no school to go back to.

I am not sorry. I am not at all glad.

It is strange to be so very young and to have no place to report to at nine

o'clock. That is what education has always been. It has been laced curtseys and perfumed punctualities.

But now it is nothing. It is symmetric with my life. I am lost in it. That is why I am not standing in a place where I can talk.

The school windows are being washed. The floors are thick with fresh oil.

Soon it will be time for the snow and the symphonies. It will be time for Brahms and the great dry winds.

assess the entire period in addition to describing the 1980 campaign.

One can agree that the 1980 election ended the political momentum of many projects that loomed large in the 1960s and early 1970s: court-ordered busing, federal numerical guidelines in the hiring of racial and ethnic minorities, rapidly expanding welfare entitlements for all sorts of groups, and, in the area of White's special knowledge and interest, complicated rules of selection designed to increase "participation" in the conventions of the political parties, especially the Democrats. White deplores most of these in tones echoing the neoconservatives. But, like those jaundiced spirits, he looks only at the negative consequences of the impulses and aspirations that motivated them. Efforts at reform often overshoot their mark, especially, perhaps, in America—that quest again. At this late date it seems a bit obsessive to dwell as much as White does on the unreasonableness of such things as H.E.W. guidelines for classifying Hispanics and Orientals, or on the dangers of the ethnic balancing of Cabinets (not, incidentally, attempted by the Reagan Administration). Is there any good reason to suppose that a renewed liberalism will reactivate the particular policies he criticizes, now that they have proved to be unpopular and often unworkable?

AS FOR WHEN the era that just ended began, White dates it from 1963, pointedly excluding Kennedy's Presidency; he must be one of the last true believers in Camelot. But those three years hardly belonged to his "Old Country" of the 1950s either. In his chapter with that title, he shrewdly notes the origins in the 1956 campaign of some of the trends that have since figured prominently in politics: the importance of Presidential primaries as revealed by Estes Kefauver's showing, the growing dominance of television, the appearance of professional merchandisers of candidates like Whitaker and Baxter in California. However, when White departs from such details of his special field of expertise, his view of the recent past becomes much more questionable and tinged with nostalgia.

White seems to think, for example, that urban political machines were still fully in business in the 1950s and have since been destroyed by the influence of television. But as early as the 1940s it had become conventional wisdom that

THE LONG TRAIL

America in Search of Itself: The Making of the President 1956-1980 by Theodore H. White

(Harper & Row, 416 pp., \$15.95)

White's title puts me off. When has America *not* been "in search of itself"? Hasn't such a search been the very essence of American identity, or, rather, nonidentity? "France is a land, England a people, but America is a quickening of the heart," in Fitzgerald's lapidary summation. True, Sartre argued that a ceaseless and futile pursuit of self-definition was the basis of human consciousness as such and the root of freedom; Americans then, may be like everybody else, only more so. If so, this doubtless accounts for the magnetic appeal, the universalism, of the very idea of America, far from extinguished today as White himself notes in "viewing with alarm" the increase in non-European immigration.

White seems a little unsure about dating America's search for identity. He declares that the failure of government in the 1970s that created doubts about the "national purpose itself" actually "went back much further than any of the seven campaigns I had covered." This takes us back at least to the early 1950s—White's first campaign was 1956—but he also insists that "for the proper historian of our times . . . all things flowed from the Year of Victory, 1945," and "the intoxication of that victory had lasted for a generation." But didn't President Eisenhower appoint a

commission to discover "national goals" at the very time when American optimism and sense of achieved destiny were, White would have us believe, at their peak?

I daresay I am taking too seriously what is no more than an overblown rhetorical buildup for White's latest and, he says, last report on a Presidential campaign. But journalistic hyperbole insinuates itself so pervasively into our consciousness that one feels an obligation to identify it for what it is and discount it. "Contemporary history" is really a contradiction in terms. Orotund pronouncements about sweeping transformations and events heavy with portent for the future are the gaudy wrappings of plain reporting, which is of value in its own terms and needs no such extravagant justification. The politicians, of course, go in for pop historical self-dramatizations, especially when running for office, and the knock on White has always been that he gets too close to his subjects. Maybe he is right in claiming that Reagan's election marked "the end of an era" and that the future is murkier and more menacing than usual, but it seems just too providential that this should so neatly coincide with the end of his twenty-year stint of reporting on Presidential elections and his decision in this book to

the New Deal had undermined the machines by federalizing the local welfare services that were the basis for their power. An exception, of course, was always made of the Cook County Democrats, and White provides a brief, sympathetic account of Richard Daley's long reign. According to White, ethnic communities also still flourished in the 1950s, rooted firmly in central city neighborhoods. In fact, however, that decade witnessed the high point of mass migration to the suburbs, and even such astute observers as Glazer and Moynihan saw ethnicity as a fading presence in American culture and politics. White presents vivid accounts of the regional political cultures of Illinois, Texas, California, and New York City, all visited by him during the 1956 campaign; yet the catchword then favored by the leading academic and journalistic political analysts was the "nationalization of politics"—the breakdown of regional one-party allegiances and the spread of the same pattern of party division from coast to coast.

MANY OF these perceptions of what was happening in the 1950s turned out to be mistaken, or at least premature. Politics were in fact far from becoming securely "nationalized"; Presidential elections have since displayed, as White notes, a pattern of alternating landslides and "squeakers" marked by sharp regional variations. Ethnic consciousness has survived, even in the suburbs, and Glazer and Moynihan retracted their earlier prediction of its waning in their introduction to the second edition of *Beyond the Melting Pot* (1970). Even local political machines have perhaps been too readily consigned to the past, at least in smaller cities (recall, for example, the recent reelection of a mayor on his way to prison in Union City, New Jersey, in the very shadow of Manhattan).

The point is that White less than objectively celebrates the 1950s as a stable era, solidly grounded in established traditions, and thus tends to treat the decade as a norm from which we have since deviated, just as radicals of the 1960s are prone to regard the same period as a dead, dark, endless past from which they courageously liberated themselves. Small wonder that some reviewers of *America in Search of Itself* have accused White of embracing the sentimental belief in vanished virtues and

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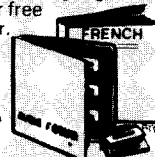
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glories that loomed so large in the rhetoric of Reagan's campaign.

Fortunately, this impression of partisan bias is largely dispelled when, in the last half of the book, White gets down to the business of describing the 1980 campaign. As in White's previous books, we are treated to a vivid and well-paced rerun of the long ordeal that began formally with the Iowa caucuses and ended on Election Day. White has a gift for reporting the obscure but telling incident. An example is his picture of Jerry Brown, no longer taken seriously as a candidate, hanging around the bar of a New Hampshire inn talking to John Chancellor and Walter Cronkite, "forlornly begging in the marketplace of media merchants" for the "public time" that had ceased to be available to him. White's sweeping claim that television

is "the most unsettling event in Western society since the invention of printing" is almost persuasive. He devotes an entire early chapter to a detailed account of just how television became in the 1960s "the atmosphere of politics in which politicians breathed or suffocated to death," relating several inside stories of the competition between the networks that fed its voracious appetite. White thinks that televised debate between candidates has become "perhaps more important" than the conventions in affecting the election outcome. Curiously, he does not pause to wonder whether the effect of the three debates held so far may not be to rule out any future debates. After all, in every one of them the "challenger" was seen as the "winner" over two incumbent Presidents and one Vice President. Nixon's

avoidance of debates in 1968 and 1972 could very well become the norm.

White's campaign reports, including this one, manage both to depict the fortunes of particular candidates, primaries, and media events and to survey the election as a whole. In the present book, White stands a bit further back and surveys the seven campaigns he has covered against a broader background. He also provides a useful account of the general topography of the nation. In a chapter entitled "What kind of people are we?" that is a model of concise precision, White presents a statistical profile of the American population based on the 1980 census and various other federal agency reports. The material covered includes changes in population distribution by state, the decline of the older cities and the evidence

for "white flight" to the suburbs, the drop in birth and marriage rates and the changing composition of households, rising urban crime rates, legal and estimated illegal immigrations, and changes in the ethnic and racial composition of the American people. Intelligently selective, White's survey is an example of how such data ought to be presented to a general audience: well-organized, always informative even beyond its immediate relevance to political trends. I regret only that it is placed in the middle of the review of the 1980 campaign instead of at the end, for it correctly plots what will be the basic demographic coordinates of our politics for some years to come.

THERE IS, however, a yawning gap between White's close-up view of the 1980 election and his broad survey of the background against which it took place. The all-important middle distance of the actual hopes, fears, angers, and ambivalences of the voters—that confused terrain between the "mechanics of politics" he reports so expertly and the demographic structure of the electorate—is missing. We are, consequently, given no clear idea of why, as distinct from how, Reagan won the election—no coherent answer, in short, to the most obvious question to ask about it. White, to be sure, offers a few suggestions at the end of the book, but they amount to little more than opinions that seem to reflect his distemper over some of the results of Great Society liberalism. Or perhaps they are meant to justify the claim that the election ended an era and plunged us into the mood of self-questioning limned in the book's title.

The election, White contends, was not just "the repudiation of one man, Jimmy Carter," but of "a set of experiences and ideas" thought to be responsible for inflation and a weakened American military presence in the world. Alas, White's analysis is no more specific than this, and his supporting evidence is casual and desultory: the white suburban vote, a few exit polls, and the election to the Senate of several "archconservative" Republicans. White is surely right that Carter's defeat was more than a personal one, as some liberals still vainly argue, partly out of an unwillingness to acknowledge the voters' indifference to egalitarian projects favored by them since the 1960s, partly to deny that Reagan had any popular

STEICHEN AT ART

Across two pages four ensigns are disposed
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Fetched here to Florida from an Italian century.
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Is cheap at the price: forty dollars.

The war is in the air. Here Steichen suspends
A Dauntless divebomber over Wake Island,
Pilot and gunner in profile, standing
Still at a couple of hundred miles per hour.
(That black burst of flak will never touch them.)
Or, imperfectly composed, a Japanese
Blazes before us. He burns
For forty years fifty feet from the water.

Close up, almost everyone is delighted
To be here, especially the wounded.
I find only one who detests us.
In the ready room where he prepares
Himself for tomorrow he despises
The avid eye, our relishing attention.
He stares through the dark box proposed to him.
That he hates us makes a lovely picture.

All these young men we owe to Edward Steichen
At art, who here is said to have said
Print it darker. Deeper and darker.
They have all been cropped
According to his directions.
For about a dollar a year
Here has he preserved them
To us, these apparitions.
Ask the ravishing dead: it's a bargain.

JOHN N. MORRIS

"mandate" for his assaults on the welfare state. The latter claim is a stronger one than the former, but Reagan, after all, made no secret during the campaign of his determination to reduce welfare spending and offer new incentives and rewards to the "private sector." Few of his working-class supporters, least of all the 44 percent of union members who voted for him, can have doubted that he would be more likely to redistribute wealth and income in an upward rather than a downward direction.

If concern over inflation and economic stagnation accounted considerably for Reagan's victory, White comes too close to at least dallying with the notion that the voters positively approved of supply-side economics and the decentralization of the federal government. Democratic politics is more often a matter of the "ins" and the "outs," of "giving the other guys a chance" without necessarily endorsing in advance their proposals, than ideologies of either the left or the right care to admit. Nor is this peculiar to the United States, as elections over the past decade in such diverse places as Britain, India, Israel, and Quebec indicate. The argument that Reagan's victory was a "watershed" or "realigning" election is even less persuasive today than when White wrote, at the end of Reagan's first budget-cutting year in office.

SETTLING these questions requires the kind of probing, sensitive exploration of what is on the voters' minds that we do not get from White. I know that he is not a pollster or an academic social scientist; he is a competent and literate journalist whose shtick since 1960 has been descriptions of the quadrennial drama of a Presidential campaign. His books fully document the year-long media spectacular that the election of a President has become; they themselves, indeed, have become almost a part of the process they describe. But that is also their chief limitation: to understand the full meaning of an election we need a view from the bottom up as well as from the top down. We need, in effect, a political sociology of the electorate. Back in the 1950s, Samuel Lubell was one journalist who went some distance toward supplying this need in several books reporting his intensive and repeated interviews with voters in key precincts across the country. The American Political Science Association gave his *The Future of Ameri-*

can Politics its prize for the best book on politics published in 1952.

Of course, polling, both as a research technique and as an aid to politicians in planning campaign strategies, has become much more refined and computerized in recent years. Computer projections and the invention of exit polling have become part of the media show, providing instant analyses of the returns. Moreover, "the effect of exit polls on politicians is incalculable," White writes, for they "lack the resources to conduct such polls" themselves. But the very speed and efficiency of these techniques applied to newsworthy information or practical uses has replaced the old methods of knowledgeable reporters that gave us more enduring insights into the currents and crosscurrents of the public mind over longer spans of time.

A colleague told me that the experts of the polling organizations once questioned Lubell about his methods and were shocked when he told them that his aging bones increasingly deterred him from climbing staircases and traveling from house to house, leading him to

confine his attentions to voters assembled in bars, town squares, and other public places. Lubell was doubtless a sloppy methodologist with no more than an intuitive understanding of sampling techniques, but he combined his interviews with close readings of the election returns and seemed to know the electoral history of every precinct he visited almost back to the Civil War.

Today, Kevin Phillips is just about the only writer who tries to understand the immediate political situation at the grass-roots level and place it in some sort of larger social and historical context. His past right-wing partisanship and his mistaken prediction of a massive blue-collar swing to the Republican Party back in the Nixon years induce skepticism about his present opinions—to be found in his just published *Post-Conservative America*, where he argues that there is a "post-conservative revolt" under way rejecting both liberalism and the Reagan Administration's coddling of the rich. Phillips's enterprise is nonetheless an important one, although having refused to buy diagnoses of incipient fascism when put for-



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ward by the left, I am not disposed to find them any more convincing when advanced by someone on the right. A continuing politics of uneasy stalemate between the parties and between a moderate liberalism and a conservatism fast losing its buoyance seems more probable.

If *America in Search of Itself* really turns out to be White's last election report, he will certainly be missed. But I hope that

younger political analysts will take Lubell as their model rather than try to fill White's shoes. Why leave the field to Kevin Phillips?

DENNIS H. WRONG

Dennis H. Wrong is a sociologist at New York University and a contributing editor of *Partisan Review*.

years later he returned to America to accept prominent positions in the economics departments first of Yale, then of Columbia, and later of Harvard. Since 1974 he has been a professor of social science at the prestigious Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton.

UNTIL THE LATE 1960s, Hirschman's abundant work was largely devoted to problems of modernization in the less developed nations, Latin American countries in particular. In these works, his propensity for uncommon thinking was already fully developed. Hirschman rejected Marxist dependency theories which tended to attribute the problems of Latin America to imperialist domination and the oppressive operation of multinational corporations and the world market, as well as conventional theorizing which blamed underdevelopment on lack of managerial ability, uncongenial value systems, or the lack of natural resources. Instead he argued that any monocausal explanation was bound to be wrong. Borrowing from Flaubert the term *la rage de vouloir conclure*—the mania of wanting to conclude—Hirschman warned that the quest for the all-encompassing solution to problems of development is apt to be an obstacle to any realistic strategy. He argued for an emphasis on incremental gains and problem-solving strategies, instead of pursuing the will o' the wisp of total and comprehensive reform. He approached problems of Latin American development with the same pragmatic, problem-solving cast of mind that stood him in good stead when working in the European underground or saving German refugees from the Vichy police. His writings had a major impact not only on scholarly audiences in the U.S. but on the Latin American audience as well. He seems to have been one of the few economists in the field of modernization who managed to keep up a fruitful exchange between economic theoreticians here and in the third world, who usually engage only in a dialogue of the deaf.

Since the late 1960s, Hirschman's interests have taken an almost entirely new turn. He has moved from technical economics to a series of works that are much less easy to classify, since they bridge the concerns of social philosophers, political scientists, economic historians, and sociologists. These later works have made him an eminent fig-

AMERICA'S ECLECTIC ECONOMIST

Shifting Involvements: Private Interests and Public Action by Albert O. Hirschman

(Princeton University Press, 138 pp., \$14.50, \$5.95 paper)

Albert Hirschman, an economist and a refugee from Hitler's Germany, lived in five countries, fought in three armies, participated in three anti-Fascist and Socialist movements before becoming a leading American social scientist—one who fits Carl Becker's description of the intellectual who "thinks otherwise." His intellectual unconventionality is largely due to his unusual career.

Born in Berlin in 1915, the son of a well-known Jewish surgeon, Hirschman became an active and ardent member of the Socialist Youth Movement during his stay at the French *Gymnasium* of his native city. He therefore was compelled to emigrate soon after Hitler took power. After studying economics first in Paris and then at the London School of Economics, Hirschman moved to Italy, where he received his doctorate from the University of Trieste in 1938. In that year, Mussolini adopted racial laws on the German pattern, so Hirschman returned to France. During his stay in Italy, Hirschman actively supported the Italian underground opposition to the Fascist regime. In addition, he served as a volunteer in the Spanish Republican Army during the summer of 1936. When World War II broke out, he volunteered for the French Army and served until the French defeat in June 1940.

After his discharge, Hirschman worked as the principal assistant to Varian Fry, the representative of the

New York-based Emergency Rescue Committee, which worked at rescuing political and intellectual refugees from Nazi-occupied Europe. The committee was responsible for saving the lives of many European anti-Fascists. He engaged in the many more or less clandestine operations that were necessary to save refugees from the Nazis and the Vichy police. Asked in a questionnaire which achievements in his life he was most proud of, Hirschman listed his work with Italian anti-Fascists and with Varian Fry before his scholarly contributions.

With his arrest in Vichy France imminent, Hirschman left for the United States in January 1941 with a Rockefeller Fellowship to do research at the University of California at Berkeley. During his stay there, Hirschman wrote his first book, *National Power and the Structure of Foreign Trade*, but published it only after the war, since his service in the U.S. Army from March 1943 to December 1945 prevented him from seeing it through to publication.

After the war, Hirschman worked on the Marshall Plan and at the Federal Reserve Board in Washington on problems of European postwar recovery. When these problems began to seem less challenging and urgent, he shifted gears. He became an adviser to the National Planning Council of the Colombian government and later stayed on in Bogota as a private consultant. Four

ure in the social sciences not only in America but in Europe. In France, for example, references to Hirschman's work now seem at least as frequent as references to, say, John Kenneth Galbraith were a decade ago.

Hirschman's first book after the sea change in his intellectual concerns was *Exit, Voice, and Loyalty: Responses to Decline in Firms, Organizations and States*. It discusses different strategies available to groups or individuals who are dissatisfied with the activity of a given political or economic organization. There are, Hirschman argues, basically two courses open to them. They may raise their voice in criticism and disagreement, or they may leave altogether. Customers of a firm, for example, may stop buying its product or they may voice their dissatisfaction to management. In the political sphere, members of an organization may raise their voices in opposition and throw the rascals out, or they may "vote with their feet" and leave the organization to join another. Whether one option or the other is adopted depends not so much on the organization in question as on the environment in which it operates. If, for example, alternative means of transportation are readily available, a badly run railroad will deteriorate further because many of its previous customers will abandon it. Loyalty, finally, by keeping the most quality-conscious from being the first to leave, hoping to fight from within, may help stabilize the situation temporarily but may in the long run prevent needed reform and lead to petrification. The book is most fruitful for the elucidation of many issues not only in the marketplace but also on the political scene. It is one of the few books that speaks to all social scientists as well as to concerned members of a wider public.

TAKING A LEAF from Lord Keynes, whose last sentence in his *General Theory* reads, "But soon or late it is ideas, not vested interest, which are dangerous for good or evil," Hirschman explored in his next book, *The Passions and the Interests: Political Arguments for Capitalism Before its Triumph*, the reactions of political philosophers, moralists, and literary commentators of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries to commercial expansion and the rising tide of capitalism. Hirschman argues that such men as Pascal, Cervantes, Hobbes, and Racine showed that the

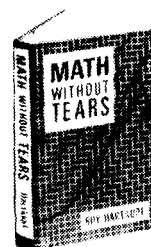
mainstays of the moral universe of the feudal order—the heroic virtues of medieval times and related ideas of glory and honor—were ineffective in the world of dawning modernity, mere forms of self-love and aristocratic vanity. They attempted to provide a more realistic image of the springs of human action, creating improved principles of statecraft for their rulers. According to their modern view, humankind was governed primarily by passions; the real problem, as they saw it, was not how to suppress them, but rather how to harness them for the general welfare. Succeeding generations of thinkers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries argued that it was vain to attempt to harness the passions or to suppress them, and argued instead that it might be possible to make certain innocuous passions act as countervailing forces to the more pernicious and dangerous ones. Such divergent thinkers as Bacon, Spinoza, and later Hume, as well as the author of *Federalist 51*, maintained that it was best to see to it that passions controlled passions, rather than to rely on the illusions of rational guidance. The "interests"—hitherto known pejoratively as greed, avarice, or love of lucre—could be usefully employed to bridle such other passions as lust for power and domination. A social order based on interests was likely to be stable, benign, and predictable, whereas other passions were unpredictable and disruptive. The love and desire for gain, Hume argued, stabilized the ship of state. Money-making, a stable and genteel activity, would soften the brutal passions and barbarian ways of the past.

THE ORIGINALITY of Adam Smith, so Hirschman argues, was that he no longer argued in terms of political benefits but developed an economic justification for the pursuit of private interests that was to become a mainstay of bourgeois thought. Having traced the complicated ancestry of the ideas that helped legitimate untrammelled market capitalism, Hirschman in the concluding pages describes some of the reasons for their collapse. Once capitalism and its legitimizing ideology became triumphant, the world suddenly appeared empty of moral justification and the stage was set for the romantic and socialist critique of the acquisitive moral order. It became possible to oppose the disenchanted world of rationality-capitalism by the yearning for a more

meaningful world where the diverse passions of unalienated men could again flower. The victims of unemployment, depression, and dislocation often became passionately angry. *The Passions and the Interests* is an unpretentious book, but it is an intellectual treat and a superb contribution to the history of ideas.

Shifting Involvements: Private Interests and Public Action follows up some of Hirschman's earlier concerns yet breaks new territory. In this book Hirschman is attempting to show that societies tend to oscillate between periods of intense interest in the public arena and in public issues and periods of withdrawal to cultivate the private sphere. Such

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swings are illustrated by an analysis of the shifts from the quiescent attitudes and privatized concerns of the 1950s, to the turbulent events of the 1960s, and the recurrent passivity on the public scene of the 1970s. Hirschman accounts for these swings largely by what the sociologist Pitirim Sorokin, whom he fails to cite, called the "principle of limits." Exclusive concern with private happiness leads in the long run to boredom, satiation, and a sense of meaninglessness. Comfort becomes the enemy of true pleasure, the consumer economy creates a "joyless community." When neither consumer durables nor nondurable goods can provide added pleasures to jaded palates and appetites, the time is set to turn to the satisfactions of collective goals and desires in the public arena.

Yet those who turn to public action in the next cycle also are bound, after initial elation, to encounter frustrations. Mass movements may provide a good deal of stimulation and excitement, but after a while they will degenerate into routinized action. Activity in the political public arena, in addition, is likely to lead to overcommitment by some and undercommitment by many others. Those whose only politically consequential act is to cast periodic votes are likely to feel undercommitted. However, those more committed, en-

gaged in less conventional political action such as street demonstrations or mass campaigns, are likely to feel overcommitted. Activist, concerned minorities may, as a result, come to yearn for the good old days when they were able to cultivate private sensibilities.

Hirschman's cyclical theory may sound like a message of despair, but he doesn't wish it to be read that way. He seems to argue in his all too sketchy conclusion that exclusive concentration on either the public or the private realm is bound to fail and that in our "bumbling and blundering ways" we may yet achieve some balance of private and public concern that avoids the excesses of both. Here again, as in much of his previous work, Hirschman has managed to show in instructive detail the intimate connections between what C. Wright Mills liked to call "the personal troubles of milieu" and "the public issues of social structure."

LEWIS COSER

Lewis Coser is distinguished professor of sociology at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. His most recent book (with Charles Kadushin and Walter W. Powell) is *Books: The Culture and Commerce of Publishing* (Basic Books) and he is now at work on a book on refugee scholars in America.

the hips." (It's not clear where else they would begin.) This discussion of looks is important, for the couple connects only on the surface. Nicki thinks of Maximo as a "Spic," lowest of the low, and continues to make exaggeratedly bigoted remarks about Puerto Ricans during the entire course of their affair. Maximo unaccountably misses almost every insult, and fails to notice that she keeps arranging to have them seated in the rear of restaurants.

AS YOU MIGHT imagine, their conversations are laughably wide of the mark. While Maximo embarks on what he considers a compelling discussion of Section 235 housing rehabilitation, Nicki is constructing her fantasy of him as a lithe, dangerous panther from a Puerto Rican jungle. She is mildly impressed that he went to Harvard, because Harvard is a "sleepaway school." He is baffled by her plan to spend all of one Saturday shopping for a "collar shirt with ombre stripes." We're supposed to hope for their happiness, obviously, but we can't care that much. Their affair is as static and unrealistic as those in the old romantic movies where a couple fought bitterly through every reel but was somehow expected to fall into a perfect marriage once the credits rolled up on the screen.

Notice, though, the absolute rightness of those details—that collar shirt with the ombre stripes. Notice Nicki's prim, fussy routine when she comes home from work every night: the shoes put away in one of the boxes neatly aligned in her closet, the silk shirt hung to air, the ritual of special soap, toner, and moisturizer for complexion care. Or the etiquette for prison wives: the tin-foil-wrapped trays of lasagna and chicken *scarpariello* prepared before every visit; the \$130 kelly-green Adidas jogging suit purchased to appease a whining convict husband; and the Polaroid photo snapped in the prison waiting room by a guard and "shown all the next week to girlfriends, who then dig into purses and produce new Polaroids of their own husbands, who are in other jails."

In short, the couple's failure to enlist us in their courtship is not a failure of characterization; it's that they have been characterized so well. We know them too intimately—Maximo with his seriousness and dedication, Nicki with her shallowness—to see any prospects for their union. Breslin is a master at

SOUTH BRONX STORY

Forsaking All Others by Jimmy Breslin

(Simon and Schuster, 416 pp., \$16.95)

Publicity releases link Jimmy Breslin's fourth novel to *Romeo and Juliet*—a comparison that falls just slightly to either side of the truth. *Forsaking All Others* is less than a love story. The man and woman involved seem propelled by sex alone, lacking any real understanding of each other. But it's also more than a love story. It's a long, rich, gritty poem about the seamy side of life in the Bronx.

The so-called lovers are Maximo and Nicki. Maximo is a young Puerto Rican poverty lawyer, a childhood friend of the drug lord known as Teenager. Nicki

is the pampered daughter of Teenager's Italian competitor. She's married, but her husband is in prison at the moment—which is no particular disgrace in Nicki's social set. ("While the poor may commit felonies and then evade jail, the Mafia does not embarrass the criminal justice system. They are convicted frequently, and they always serve.")

Maximo and Nicki meet, with predictable results. Nicki thinks Maximo looks just like a movie star. Nicki herself has a "long cheerful body," as we're told three times, and "legs beginning at

observing and cataloguing the clues that inform us of all this. He sets up an atmosphere that is palpable: the constant threat of violence contrives to produce, of all things, a feeling of stifling confinement, and this result is so surprising that it's instantly convincing.

A family guarding a stash of drugs lives in a tiny apartment and sleeps on the living room floor with their baby in a cardboard box and three ferocious, starving Dobermans raging in the newspaper-covered bedroom where the drugs are kept. Another couple earns a living watching a section of the street out of a certain apartment window, spying on behalf of Teenager; either husband or wife is eternally, unvaryingly at this window "as if at the periscope of a submarine." Teenager himself, back when he was newly arrived from Puerto Rico, lived in one airless hotel room in which he left his wife locked for safety all day, every day, while he went out looking for work.

Mothers sit on stoops with steaming cans of Spaghetti-O's, offering spoonfuls to their children playing on the sidewalk. A four-month-old baby sucks on a bottle of grape soda. On the dark Cross Bronx Expressway Service Road—the very name echoes with desolation—drug peddlers make their transactions through automobile windows. Maximo, riding a subway, prepares for his bar exam by mentally reviewing the conditions under which a landlord may confiscate real property; meanwhile, on the same train, a policeman tosses a young boy's cassette player out the window and cuffs him. Maximo arrives at his stop and gets off, still considering the ownership of trade fixtures.

NICKI IS confined in a different way. She feels forced to be what her family wishes, a dutiful wife and someday a mother, with a life that will "fold about her like pleats." When she leaves her husband after his release from prison, it deeply upsets her that a beige silk dress has grown creased across the front from the trip in her car. She works with computers, and imagines that her problems will be solved if she can only keep the various parts of her life on "separate screens"—a concept so oversimplified, so Nicki-like, so appropriate to her character that the reader smiles.

The complicated ins and outs of the drug trade are described offhandedly, with none of the compulsive didactic

zeal that characterizes an obviously "re-searched" novel. People speak of "half los" and "white" that "you can step on seven times." Rubbery black ovals of poppy gum, brought up from Mexico, are transformed into heroin by a man in surgical mask and undershorts, working from a recipe written on the wall of his garage. You begin to worry about how Jimmy Breslin knows so much—the ultimate compliment to any writer of fiction.

The book goes on far too long; and with its huge cast of characters and com-

plicated wheelings and dealings, it's occasionally difficult to keep track of. There are enough gruesome acts—torture and chain-saw murders, among other things—to make certain sections downright unpleasant. And always, we are being asked to sympathize with an oddly unsympathetic love affair. Even so, *Forsaking All Others* is well worth reading. It's crisply paced and authoritative, and it possesses an abundance of vitality.

ANNE TYLER

FROM BUBER TO SCHOLEM

Martin Buber's Life and Work:
The Early Years 1878-1923

by Maurice Friedman

(E. P. Dutton, 455 pp., \$25)

Kafka, no admirer of Buber, observed of that central figure in German-Jewish culture, "No matter what he says, something is missing." It seems now that this will be the definitive judgment upon Martin Buber. Or should one say, the definitive *Jewish* judgment? If one thinks of Jewish cultural figures in our century, Freud and Kafka come to mind first, despite their problematic relation to normative Judaism. After them, there is Gershom Scholem, so recently dead and so irreplaceable. And here is Scholem on Buber:

The Hasidic authors obviously did not believe that they had in any way broken with the gnostic tradition of the Kabbalah and, little as Buber wants to admit it, they wrote clearly and plainly as Gnostics. When Buber claimed that the legends of Hasidism were its truly creative achievement, he put himself into an unusually paradoxical position. He had to contend that the originality of the movement genuinely manifested itself only in a genre of literature which almost entirely came into being nearly fifty years after the period in which Hasidism was in fact creative. . . .

This is from Scholem's lecture of 1961, "Martin Buber's Interpretation of Hasidism." Buber died in 1965, without forgiving Scholem. In 1967 Scholem completed his destructive critique of Buber

in another lecture, "Martin Buber's Conception of Judaism," which perhaps less pungently described Buber's work on the Bible as being "pneumatic exegesis with learned notes." Scholem's Buber is an infinitely slippery rhetorician who converts the Gnostic Kabbalism of the Hasidic masters into a private existentialism, and who performs much the same reductive act when confronted by biblical Judaism. Upon this figure, acknowledged by Scholem as his own precursor, a final judgment is rendered with the grim authority that marked so many Scholemian pronouncements:

The voice has become soft, the spokesman stands at the brink of despair and is aware of the bitter irony that he, the philosopher of dialogue, never reached the point of engaging in a dialogue with his own people.

This is not the Buber of the Gentiles, the idealizing prophet of the I-Thou relationship, described in Maurice Friedman's biography as "a great philosopher, a consummate poet, and a world-famous scholar." Alas, Buber was no philosopher, not even a "soft" one, and the poetry he wrote was amateur stuff. World-famous he certainly was, but no scholar, as Scholem demonstrated. A poet, then, in the broader sense, perhaps? Buber's repetitive poem was the I-Thou relationship, always a

recurrent trait in really intense Western lyric poetry. I would call Buber a religious rhetorician of extraordinary power, whose characteristic trope was apostrophe. Despite his self-protestations and the assertions of his followers, he never did get far enough away from his origins, which were more in the Nietzsche of *Zarathustra* than anywhere in Jewish tradition. Buber remained always an inspirational writer, a prophetic orator whose natural mode was the dithyramb. His true matrix, therefore, was not in intellectual or even in social history, but in the kind of spiritual chronicle our scholarship still does not know how to write.

Maurice Friedman is devoted to Buber's life and work, and the first volume of his Buber biography is a kind of hagiography masking as a spiritual chronicle. With his biographer so overcome by reverence, Buber's personality and character retain their peculiar opacity, despite the new information brought forward here. Buber's mother left her husband and son when the child was just three years old, and the young Martin was raised at his grandfather's estate in Galicia. Solomon Buber, the grandfather, was a considerable scholar, today still consulted for his work upon Midrash, and in every way the legitimate representative of the last phase of the Jewish Enlightenment. But he and his wife, who brought up Martin Buber from the ages of four to fourteen, could not compensate for the catastrophic loss of the mother. It is hardly reductive or even particularly Freudian to see in Buber's personalism and mythopoeic exaltation of "dialogue" the endless and anxious quest of the abandoned child for the maternal presence unfairly denied to him. Every reader of Keats grows accustomed to a series of encounters between a quester who is male and mortal, and a goddess forever elusive, until she unveils as the maternal Moneta of the late fragment, *The Fall of*

Hyperion. It may be that Wallace Stevens was remembering Keats when he wrote in *The Auroras of Autumn*: "Farewell to an idea . . . The mother's face, / The purpose of the poem, fills the room." As much as with Keats, who was also abandoned by his mother, the purpose of Buber's lifelong poem was the mother's face.

Buber's wife, Paula Winkler, a Catho-

visionaries, "They seek no wonder but the human face." Friedman is scarcely to be blamed for his persistent literalizing of Buber's apostrophes, because Buber's own commentaries upon himself (as in *Between Man and Man*) are devoted to little else.

Despite Friedman's piety toward Buber, and his real industry throughout this biography, attentive readers will feel, with Kafka, that something is always missing here. A book covering Buber's life through the composition of *I and Thou* has a great opportunity to say something new about German Jewish spirituality during those years. But Friedman identifies wholly with Buber, so that figures as vital as the philosopher Hermann Cohen, the theologian Franz Rosenzweig, and particularly the anarchist theoretician Gustav Landauer, remain names upon the page. In some uncanny way, Buber usurps the consciousness of his biographer, so that frequently we seem to be reading autobiography in the third person. This may be Friedman's greatest tribute to Buber, but it frustrates the reader in search of the realities of Buber's early contexts.

Friedman's best pages are at the end, where he writes a detailed commentary upon the seminal *I and Thou*. Buber's peculiar greatness and his



MARTIN BUBER

lic, can be said to have given back to her husband the mother's face denied him by fate. In the quasi-dialogical book *Daniel* (1913), Buber identifies night, the sea, death, and the mother, almost in the manner of Walt Whitman. A decade later, in his masterwork, *I and Thou*, Buber resigns these identifications to the world of It, of subject-object experience, and rejects psychology as being a mode of self-contradiction. The ontological self is found, not in the hopeless quest for the mother, but in the direct confrontation or meeting of life with life. Yet this paean to the rhetoric of apostrophe still hunts the image of the mother, or as Keats's Moneta grandly said of true

continued relevance are partly in *I and Thou*, and partly in his biblical criticism, despite Scholem's impressive strictures. Scholem's reservations about Buber's Hasidic writings are more damaging, though they do not prevent us from appreciating Buber's Hasidic tales as being Buber's own persuasive fictions. But, all faults aside, Buber is the most suggestive literary critic of the Bible that I have been able to find. Contrast Buber's *The Prophetic Faith* with any rival work, and the advantage will be Buber's.

I and Thou is a curious book, almost unreadable at just this moment in Jewish cultural history. When I first read

the book in my youth, in the late 1940s, it had the same effect upon me as upon many others in my generation. With normative Judaism so much of a puzzle in the first aftershock of the Holocaust, Buber seemed to provide a kind of High Romantic alternative, at least for the very young. With many others, I made the transition from Buber to Scholem in the early 1960s. Scholem's Jewish Gnosticism is both more securely founded in Jewish spiritual history and more adequate to a post-Holocaust Jewry than Buber's earlier version of a Jewish religious anarchism has proved to be. Per-

haps Buber's time will come again; or perhaps, like Philo, his lasting effect will be primarily upon Christian rather than Jewish spirituality. Either way, he will need a more critical and dispassionate biography than Friedman's moving veneration has been able to provide.

HAROLD BLOOM

Harold Bloom, author of *Agon: Towards a Theory of Revisionism* (Oxford University Press) among other books, has also written the introduction for a new edition of Buber's *On the Bible*.

tance to continue fighting after the fall of France. Largely on the strength of this report, the Ministry of Information assigned him to the newly created Office of British Information Services in New York, where he spent the greater part of 1941. After America entered the war, the need for "fuller information" than previously gathered on "congressional, administrative, and public opinion . . . in the USA" made Berlin a logical choice for the job. A vivid illustration, Berlin remarks, of how temporary appointments were made in wartime Britain.

Berlin's performance of this task, aided by two or three other members of the embassy, produced an outpouring of some 600,000 words over three-and-a-half years. Had the Foreign Office not complained that "it was being told more than it wished to know," the record would have been fuller still. As it was, though, the length of Berlin's reports "overstrained both the capacity of the cypher staff and the digestion of the Foreign Office," forcing him to split his weekly summaries into two parts: telegrams containing more urgent and generally more important items, and letters sent *en clair*. In this 700-page volume, H. G. Nicholas has reproduced about half of the original materials, focusing on wartime politics in Washington and relations between the two allies.

The result is the fullest publication to date on wartime domestic affairs in the United States, particularly Washington politics. These weekly dispatches provide a richly detailed picture of the tensions and debates in the nation's

THE AMERICAN SCENE

Washington Despatches, 1941-1945:
Weekly Political Reports from the British Embassy
edited by H. G. Nicholas
with an introduction by Isaiah Berlin

(University of Chicago Press, 700 pp., \$40)

In mid-December 1941, after Churchill proposed a meeting in Washington to review war plans, some of his advisers expressed concern that this might be "too strong medicine" for American "public opinion." When one of the British Chiefs of Staff urged a continuation of the "cautious approach to America that had seemed politic when her intervention was in doubt," Churchill replied with a wicked leer in his eye: "Oh, that is the way we talked to her while we were wooing her; now that she is in the harem, we talk to her quite differently!"

Churchill was having some fun. Judging from *Washington Despatches, 1941-1945: Weekly Political Reports from the British Embassy*, American entrance into the war made the British more concerned than ever to keep abreast of American domestic affairs. "American developments, American personalities, American assumptions and reactions," Professor H. G. Nicholas tells us in a foreword, now "assumed an importance for the day-to-day conduct of British policy, greater even than in the days when Britain was wooing the United States for 'aid short of war.'"

In the spring of 1942, the British For-

eign Office sent Isaiah Berlin to Washington to report on the American scene. His appointment, as Berlin explains in a charming introduction, testifies to how little expertise about the U.S. existed in Britain at that time. A tutor in philosophy at Oxford, Berlin's only acquaintance with America was through some American colleagues and pupils and his "somewhat rare" English "addiction" to such periodicals as the *New Yorker* and *Time*. Moreover, until 1940, he "had never been, or thought of going" to the U.S.

An aborted assignment to Russia changed this. In the summer of 1940, the Foreign Office, trying to make use of his knowledge of Russian and his interest in Russian culture, appointed Berlin press attaché of the British Embassy in Moscow. Ordered to travel to Russia via the U.S. and Japan, Berlin went to Washington on the first lap of his journey, where he found a message advising that the embassy had no need of his services in Moscow. Since the Foreign Office had no alternative position to propose, the embassy in Washington asked him to prepare a report on the false impression being conveyed to Americans by Associated Press reporters in Britain on the country's reluc-

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And The Wall's routinely cursed,
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They won't push the button first;
And why bother, really, since
All their infantry's in place,
While the Europeans wince
At the escalating race.

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capital generated by Congressional-Executive relations, the elections of 1942 and 1944, labor disputes, inflation, war production, isolationism, internationalism, British imperialism, colonialism, Russia, Poland, China, State Department reorganization, Palestine, Jewish rescue, a new world league, and a host of other issues. Indeed, reading these dispatches leaves one with the impression that the political wars in Washington loomed as large in official minds as the battlefield struggles around the globe.

WHAT THESE dispatches bring into bold relief is the extent to which the United States remained insulated from the war. Under no direct threat of invasion, free from fear that they could be starved out, and suffering only modest limitations on their standard of living, Americans saw little reason to change old habits. "The shops are full as ever of all kinds of goods and the high standard of American living remains virtually unimpaired," Berlin noted in 1942. "To recent arrivals from England the absence of practically any outward evidence in America that there is a war on is something of a shock." "The war transformed normal life in the United States far less than in the United Kingdom," Berlin later recalled,

indeed, it was one of the main tasks of my Section to convey to the Government at home, where everything was centralized and totally subordinated to the war effort, that in the USA this was not so; that political and economic life to a considerable degree continued as before, and that this fact, in particular some of the pressures and internecine feuds between individuals and power blocs, inherited from the New Deal and even earlier times, continued to characterize it, and themselves affected the war effort.

Berlin's reports are replete with examples. An intense struggle between Congress and the President was a mainstay of his weekly dispatches. "The controversy between Congress and the

Administration is not confined to the labour issue," he reported in the spring of 1942. Republicans in both Houses were battling to abolish New Deal agencies which they believed had "outlived their usefulness." Opposition to the Administration's anti-inflation program, attacks on its rationing arrangements and war production failures, and complaints against usurpation of legislative powers formed a steady drum beat during the next three months. By summer Congress was in "a rebellious mood" and had "completely stopped the normal appropriation for the Department of Agriculture." By autumn, it was clear to observers that the President could not control his own party, suggesting that a coalition of Republicans and anti-New Deal Southern Democrats would shape the terms of major legislation in the next Congress. When the November elections confirmed this supposition, anti-Administration "forces . . . both in and out of Congress" asserted "themselves strongly in many fields." Early in 1943, the President's nomination of New York Democratic party boss Ed Flynn as Minister to Australia, for example, "touched off a violent explosion in the press, radio, and everywhere else." Never entirely cleared of criminal behavior in a New York scandal, Flynn withdrew from consideration before the Senate could reject his nomination. "The President has forgotten that Australia is no longer a penal settlement," critics of the appointment declared.

BY THE SPRING of 1943, this anti-Administration campaign combined with anti-fourth-term sentiment and a lull in the fighting "to move the troubled home front into the centre of attention." The agitation reached something of a climax in June when for the first time since 1936 the Congress overrode a Presidential veto on a serious issue. "To general relief," the Congress adjourned for two months on July 8, Berlin reported. This, however, did not forestall the rising tide of electoral politics. "We are now entering into the four-yearly rutting season in the reproduction cycle of the American Congress and Presidency," the Embassy advised in October 1943. "The traditional ferocity of political manoeuvre and debate during this period is not (repeat not) likely to be abated because the nation is at war." Indeed, throughout the following year, the political pot continued to boil, with domestic issues occa-

sionally overshadowing the war news. Only FDR's death in April 1945 brought a downturn in political tensions which largely lasted until the surrender of Japan in September.

These divisions in the United States also extended to foreign affairs. During 1942 and 1943, Berlin repeatedly pointed to disputes between Pacific and Europe First advocates of how to fight the war and between isolationist and internationalist exponents of how to arrange the peace. Throughout the war, moreover, Berlin found friendly feelings toward Britain mixed with antagonism for her as "a stronghold of reactionary imperialism." Likewise, fear and suspicion of postwar Russian intentions combined with admiration for Soviet fighting prowess and runaway enthusiasm for her predicted contribution to postwar world affairs. In the last two years of the war, Berlin saw divided feelings on yet other foreign questions: Poland, China, and the new world league provoked sharp debates, and raised fresh questions about whether the U.S. was ready to take a major part in postwar world affairs.

THESE DISPATCHES forcefully capture political differences in the United States during World War II. But reading them without reference to other wartime developments in America creates a false impression of a country largely divided against itself. Berlin and Nicholas would be the first to acknowledge this fact. Re-reading these documents, Berlin observes, made him "aware, rather too often for comfort, how far one failed to realize the relative importance, or unimportance, . . . of this or that view or development. . . ." These dispatches, Nicholas writes,

reflect the story not of the Second World War as a whole, but of America's part in it, and that even of that part they reflect not the whole national experience . . . but of America's war as viewed from America's capital, Washington, D.C.

Indeed, a national perspective on wartime America reveals not a divided but a strongly unified country. What is muted in these British reports is the widespread sense of commitment and shared struggle to win the war. Across the nation most Americans saw the conflict as a great moral contest between good and evil, a war for the American way of life. Americans by the millions planted victory gardens, joined scrap drives to save rubber, paper, aluminum,

CORRECTION

Due to an editorial error in Leon Botstein's essay on Stravinsky in the July 5 issue, Debussy was mistakenly credited with composing *Daphnis and Chloe*, which is in fact the work of Ravel.

and tin, organized civil defense units to scan the skies for Axis planes, bought war bonds, and worked as never before to outproduce enemies and Allies in the weapons of war. Nor do these dispatches capture the extraordinary hold Roosevelt continued to have on the country. For all the opposition in Congress, the President remained an exceptionally able politician, with an extraordinary ability to inspire unity and confidence at home and abroad. In the 1944 Presidential election, for example, he beat Thomas Dewey by more than a four-to-one margin in the electoral college. "The years between Pearl Harbor and V-J Day were decisive," one student of the period remarks, "partly because national mobilization blurred the lines between the classes by putting everyone shoulder to shoulder."

This unity at home translated into what historians have described as American universalism abroad. This striking mood in the country was given surprisingly little attention in Berlin's dispatches alongside of the domestic quarrels over foreign affairs. Yet these differences were distinctly less important than the general wartime belief in future cooperation for peace. No one caught this wartime mood better than Wendell Willkie in his 1943 best seller, *One World*. Describing an America of thirty diverse peoples linked together by their confidence in democratic institutions, Willkie foresaw a similar development abroad. America had reached a high level of civilization, he said, because of "the ability of peoples of varying beliefs and of different racial extractions to live side by side . . . with common understanding, respect, and helpfulness." A trip around the world in 1943 showed him that other nations and peoples were ready to imitate this achievement in the United States and work together for international peace. Indeed, he and millions of Americans who read or heard about his book stood convinced that one America could now become one world.

THOUGH *Washington Despatches* touches on these developments in the United States, they are less central to an accurate picture of wartime America than they should be. Focused on political divisions in Washington, the embassy reports largely missed the high degree of wartime national unity which made the country so ready to fight and hopeful about postwar peace. Still,

these documents recreate a part of the wartime story worth remembering. "If this collection helps the interested reader to recreate the view of the political scene which, during years which now seem so remote, was common to some of the servants of the British Government during the war in Washington," Berlin concludes, "it will have done something to help to reconstruct the past."

ROBERT DALLEK

Robert Dallek, currently a Rockefeller Foundation Humanities Fellow, is completing a book, *The American Style of Foreign Policy: Cultural Politics and Foreign Affairs*, to be published by Knopf.

BRIEF REVIEW

Love in Bloomsbury:
Memories

by Frances Partridge

(Little, Brown, 244 pages, \$14.95)

The famous Bloomsbury group of artists and intellectuals were notoriously fond of talking about themselves, and the rest of us have gone right on talking about them ever since in what is by now threatening to become a blinding "white out" of published memoirs, diaries, letters, doodles, psychological interpretations, weighty biographies, and scholarly studies. That Frances Partridge's modest reminiscence can still find something fresh to say thus comes as quite a pleasant surprise. The secret lies in the author's unusual level-headedness, a virtue that was especially rare in Bloomsbury where so many brilliant and hypnotic minds clashed and conspired to redefine reality.

Born at the turn of the century, nearly two decades after Virginia Woolf, Frances Partridge was one of Bloomsbury's younger generation, but the atmosphere of her childhood was very like that of her elders. Her family moved comfortably back and forth between town and country houses full of servants, books, art, and comparatively liberal ideas, yet it remained stiffly Victorian in its attitude toward emotion. "You should never cheapen your feel-

"This may become the definitive interpretation of that great Chief Justice."

—Leonard W. Levy,
Claremont Graduate School

An award-winning scholar who was one of Earl Warren's law clerks uses recently opened papers to resolve the paradoxes that surrounded the jurist's career. "White strikes a near-perfect balance between the history of a single man and the history of the Court as a political institution.... An important milestone."
—H.N. Hirsch, Harvard University

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ings for other people by letting them be seen," her mother advised, an ethic that was still numbing Frances by the time she graduated from Cambridge (where she was granted "the equivalent" of a man's degree) and drifted into a job at David Garnett's bookshop. On the surface she seemed a model of feminine self-reliance, yet in a more fundamental way she remained quite passive, for she had little idea of what she wanted from herself or from the many men who pursued her. The powerful attraction of Ralph Partridge was that he knew how to wake her up. Certainly his virility had much to do with this, but his expressiveness had far more. He poured out his feelings and reflections in letters and talk until she could hardly help responding. "I am infinitely grateful to Ralph," she wrote shortly after they began to live together. "He believes passionately in mental intimacy between great friends and still more between lovers. . . ." In this, of course, Ralph was a typical "Bloomsberry," an uneasy combination of romantic and rationalist, intense, self-dramatizing, and on the whole, a remarkably loyal and thoughtful human being.

As fans of the Bloomsbury soap opera know full well, Ralph had a lot to talk to Frances about—inasmuch as he was already married to Dora Carrington, the stormy young woman who was desperately in love with Lytton Strachey, who returned her affection but was homosexual and, to top it off, in love with Ralph. After much turmoil, Ralph, Carrington, and Strachey had finally settled down at Ham Spray, their jointly owned country house, where they enjoyed a close and intermittently peaceful sort of open marriage that was hospitable to outside sexual involvements but was ill prepared for the profound and exclusive love affair that Ralph began to have with Frances. Ironically, when Ralph first voiced a desire to marry Frances in the conventional way, Strachey and Carrington responded

with anxious unconventional priggishness. Why make such a fuss? Why not just install Frances somewhere close at hand and visit her when the urge came on? Eventually, however, the four of them thrashed out an intimate compromise that lasted until Strachey's death five years later. Then Carrington's grief-stricken suicide nearly pushed the conscientious Ralph into a breakdown; yet, in a sad but commonplace paradox, it also finally freed him and Frances to marry and have a family. It's at this point that Frances ends her narrative, claiming that "a happy marriage has no history worth remembering."

Combining excerpts from her diary with short passages of retrospection, Frances Partridge has painted an engaging picture within a picture. At the center lies the romance with Ralph that takes her from the rigid security of her girlhood to the far more experimental and uncertain world that came on the heels of World War I, while all around the two lovers spins the day-to-day life of an intellectual community, from Virginia Woolf bowling like a cranky swan on the lawn to Wittgenstein emerging from his gloom to crack a feeble joke. The book is a moving personal history that deftly suggests a far broader social history.

MEREDITH MARSH

Meredith Marsh's latest novel is *Eating Cake* (Coward, McCann, Geoghegan).

CORRESPONDENCE, from page 10

ideal of the Poles was behind them: they strove towards their past, from which they had been cut off by violence and which was the only starting-point from which they could advance again. They had masses of holy relics, while we had empty cradles."

The most striking process in intellectual opposition in Poland since 1945, and Professor Kolakowski has traveled every step of that opposition's journey since 1956, at least, is its slow arrival at the conclusion that no society "that would be both free and Communist is feasible or even conceivable." Up to

about 1968, it seems to me, the belief in "empty cradles"—in a radical but democratic socialism such as the world had not seen—survived, though with increasing difficulty. It is now dead, and the new opposition that arose in the 1970s looked—if not quite to "holy relics"—back to what seemed to have been decent and authentic in the past, especially in the interval of independence between 1918 and 1939.

Professor Kolakowski's argument is that the postwar Communist regime did not miss a chance to make itself acceptable to the Poles: such a chance simply never existed. He was there, and I was not; it is hard to argue. Yet I am not sure, partly because I am not sure that the forced Stalinization of the Polish regime after 1948 was inevitable and written in the stars, which in turn is a way of saying that the cold war in its most abominable form might have been avoided—and I make no apology for giving the United States under Truman its share of blame for the division of the continent in the postwar years. Professor Kolakowski reproaches me for saying that "socialism had no effective challenger" in 1944 and 1945, again relying on the assumption that Socialism and what he calls "Sovietism" were and perhaps still are inseparable in Eastern Europe.

There isn't space here to debate all this as it deserves. I am charged with "leftist nostalgia," and here I must in a sense plead guilty. A form of Socialism which is not dictatorship was possible and remains possible in Europe, and the very particular course of recent Polish history does not prove that it was not or that it is not. But I admit to Professor Kolakowski that the cradles remain, for the most part, empty.

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Love Feast

"ISN'T IT KIND OF unusual for Democrats to have such a love feast?" a reporter asked Gary Hart on the first morning of the Democratic midterm conference. "Ah, you want blood in the streets," the Senator replied good-naturedly. "Well, we've got two days to go. Perhaps we can still accommodate you." No such luck, as it turned out. The Democrats utterly failed to come up with one of their caucus-ridden screaming matches. All was geniality and agreement. One could have found a greater degree of vicious infighting and ruthless backstabbing at a convention of dentists.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON was devoted to what Chris Matthews of Tip O'Neill's office had labeled "the Pillsbury Bake-Off." One after another, Cranston, Mondale, Hollings, Hart, and Glenn trooped up to show his skill at delivering a rousing political speech. Kennedy got himself scheduled for Sunday, and none of the others was about to go up against him. Reubin Askew took the Zen approach: he decided that the best speech would be no speech at all. And judging from the tepid response afforded his fellow long-shots, Cranston and Hollings, he may have been right. At least the delegates listened to Hart and Glenn. But they cheered Mondale, who, by universal agreement, gave the best speech of the day, delivered with unusual fire. He was Friday's clear gainer, and had he given the same speech on Sunday (thus earning points for courage by taking Ted on directly) he would have gained even more.

OF COURSE, Mondale and everybody else on Friday got upstaged by the Haig resignation. The rumor hit the press section just as Tip O'Neill was mounting the podium to make his remarks, and it sucked the press tables empty like a high-powered vacuum cleaner. Everyone made for the blue-curtained press cabanas below the convention floor. (The City of Philadelphia had given free bath towels to the press, and reporters strolled about with the towels under their arms, as though heading for the pool.) Here, at long last, was a genuine piece of news. But all anybody knew was "Haig out, and Shultz in." In the absence of hard information, reporters speculated about what it all meant. Had

the last straw been the peculiar decision earlier in the week on the Soviet-West European gas pipeline? After all, that decision was wholly at variance with what Reagan and Haig had agreed to at Versailles. But was there a plot within the Administration to destabilize the Western alliance? Or was it just a plot to destabilize Al Haig? All those small slights in Europe—the bad seat on Air Force One and so forth. I remembered the old movie, *Gaslight*, in which Charles Boyer tries to convince Ingrid Bergman that she's going crazy. Could it be that Al Haig was gaslighted by the White House gang? Nobody knew a thing, but everybody was happy to have something to talk about that wasn't in the Democratic National Committee's script.

ON A SHUTTLE BUS to the convention hall Saturday morning, the vice chairman of the Utah delegation said that a television reporter from Salt Lake City had complained to her that the convention was dull. "I told him," she reported, "that we've grown up." If keeping calm is a sign of maturity, she was right. There was no sign of the venom of 1968, 1972, and 1980. Even Presidential fever scarcely budged the mercury. "It is not written in the preamble of the Democratic Party that we have to shoot ourselves in the foot every two years," observed Representative Ed Markey of Massachusetts. The party seemed to be picking itself up, feeling for broken bones, and pronouncing itself fit—if not quite fit enough for a brawl. But there wasn't much for the Democrats to fight about among themselves even if they had wanted to.

IF THERE WASN'T MUCH argument, there was plenty of discussion—for this was a convention that seemed genuinely interested in, and curious about, ideas. Unfortunately, one of the ideas on the agenda was the balanced budget constitutional amendment, and some time was devoted to it in the lively economic issues caucus that Senator Bill Bradley chaired. The Administration has strongly endorsed this proposal, which should be a cause for hilarity—as convincing as a testimonial for prohibition from W. C. Fields. The amendment—which Senator Chris Dodd called "an

effort to write algebra into the Constitution"—will no doubt take up a great deal of Congressional energy that could be expended more profitably on more meaningful business, such as recess. Still, it seems likely to be a popular proposal. "People in my part of the country are very frustrated with the deficit, and they say it is something Congress ought to do something about," said Representative Martin Frost of Texas. "And I think a lot of Congressmen from the South and the Southwest are going to endorse it."

TED KENNEDY, who had his turn midday on Sunday, was, as everyone expected, the most dramatic and effective speaker. He was unable to top his 1980 performance, of course, but there was no way he could have, given the benign mood of the delegates and the plastic atmosphere of the room, which, with its small dimensions, bright lights, and pastel colors, looked more like the set of a television talk show than a convention hall. Nor was Kennedy all that much more effective than Mondale. But he was awfully good. As his rich voice began to boom out, the delegates settled back with an almost sensuous shiver of anticipation, waiting for the great rolling waves of rhetoric to wash over them. They were not disappointed, and they responded with cheer after glad cheer. "Only a few months ago, Democrats were scorned and told that our day was done," said Kennedy, launching into his peroration. "But now we know and all America knows that for us as Democrats, and for those who have always looked to us for help and hope, the dawn is near, our hearts are bright, our cause is right, and our day is coming again." Everyone left feeling good. As one delegate put it, quoting FDR's favorite song, "never was heard a discouraging word." Except about the prospect of nuclear war, and the litany of ever-more-worrying economic statistics.

DANIEL YERGIN

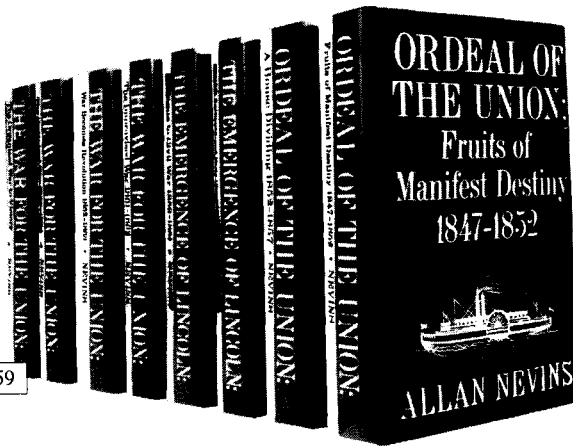
Daniel Yergin is coauthor of *Global Insecurity: A World Plan for Energy and Economic Survival* (Houghton-Mifflin). He is also coauthor of *Energy Future: The Report of the Energy Project at the Harvard Business School* (Random House).

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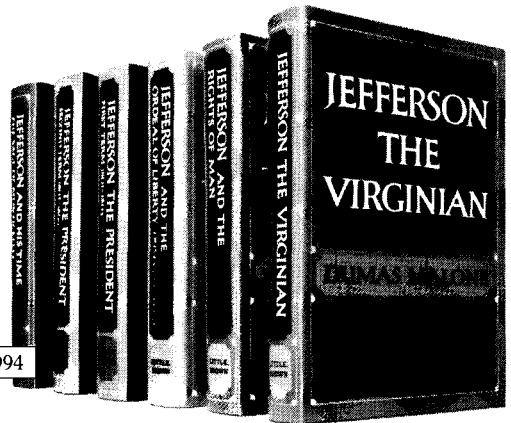
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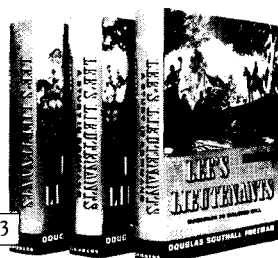
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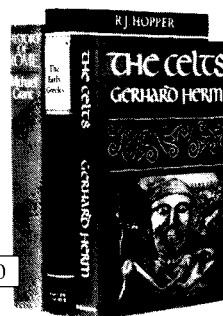


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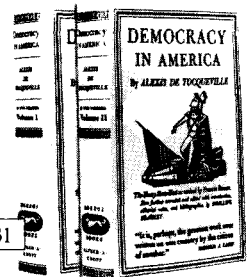


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